Michael Novak
Democratic Horizons

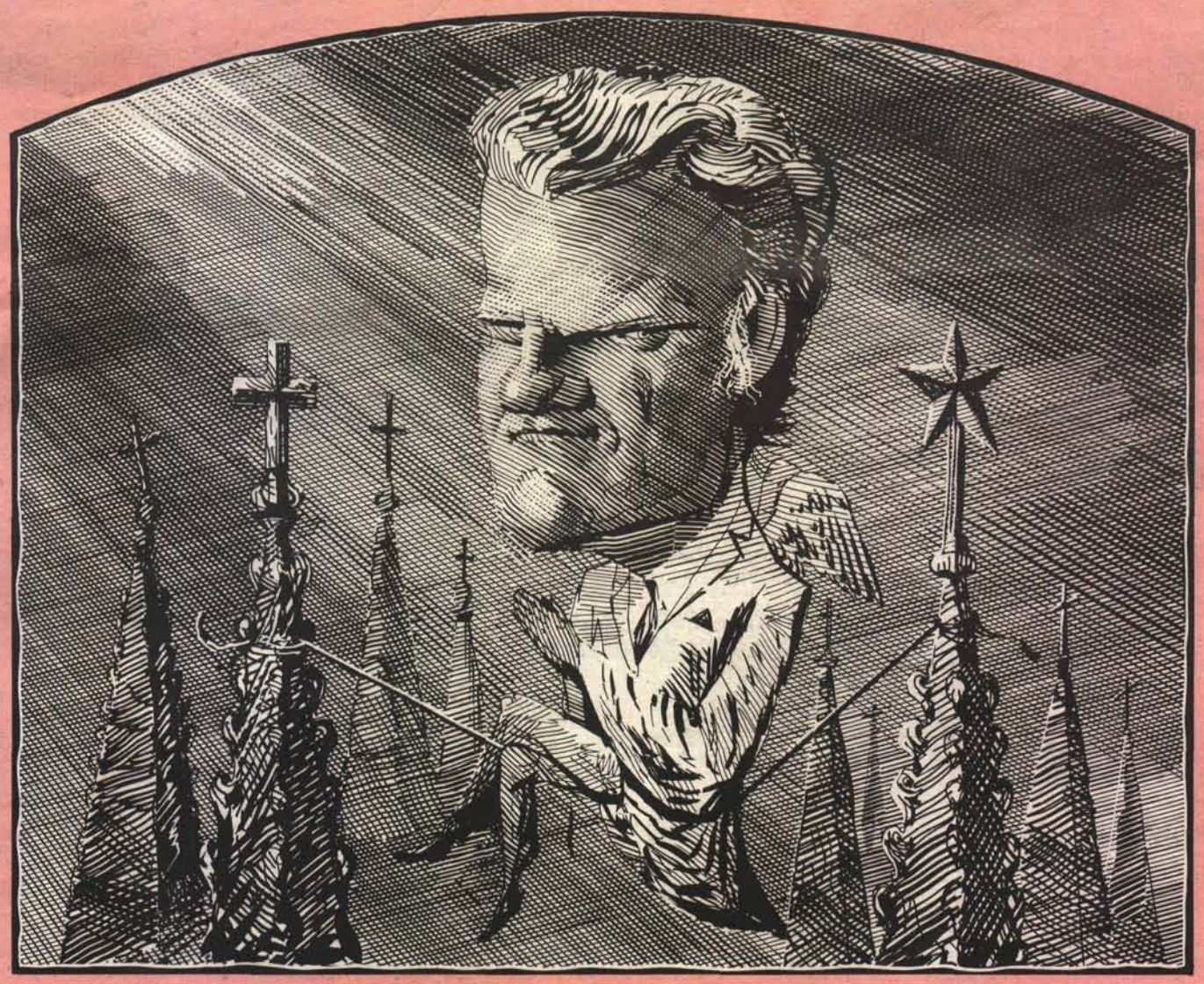
Paul Seabury
Joe McCarthy, Spoilsport

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR.

VOL. 15 AUGUST 1982 NO. 8

American Women Make Lousy Lovers
by Taki

Billy Graham and the Limits of Growth
by Tom Bethell



$1.50
FOR ONE COPY

A MONTHLY REVIEW
EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

$18.00
BY THE YEAR

08
0 74470 65520

A VRSC225D- 005 8208 1 1 K

DEVIN VERSACE
2225 COLLEGE DR #242
BATON ROUGE LA 70808

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Holocaust

Alvin H. Rosenfeld's article ("Open Secrets of the Holocaust," *TAS,* June 1982) was brilliant. Thank you for publishing it. Your magazine is much better than the flippant remarks in "The Continuing Crisis" suggest. Thanks again.

—Guy Caparelli
Yonkers, New York

Who's Behind the Nuclear Freeze?

Rael Jean Isaac and Erich Isaac have produced a monumental work ("The Counterfeit Peacemakers: Atomic Freeze," *TAS,* June 1982), and their thoroughly researched treatment lays bare the sinister, anti-American, and dangerous elements which are behind the "counterfeit peacemakers."

I hope you will make it available in booklet form. It is must reading.

—Ted Humes
Phoenix, Arizona

I have subscribed to *The American Spectator* for many years and have contributed to your Educational Fund but I am no longer going to subscribe. The article in your June issue, "Counterfeit Peacemakers: Atomic Freeze," definitely decided me not to continue subscribing to *The American Spectator.*

While I am a conservative and a Republican and worked hard to get Mr. Reagan in the White House, I cannot understand his attitude toward nuclear weapons. Both Russia and the U.S. have enough nuclear weapons to destroy each other forty or fifty times and both powers continue to make more. Do you actually think that either power will use atomic weapons against the other or try to blackmail each other with nuclear weapons?

If you will read *The Fate of the Earth* by Jonathan Schloss [sic], you will realize that if anyone starts dropping nuclear bombs, there will be no winner and civilization will be destroyed.

While nuclear freeze is not going to answer all the questions, at least it will be a start and it was not started by the Soviets. It is a worldwide awakening and it is high time the world awaken to what will happen if nuclear weapons are used in war.

—Harry F. Klinefelter, M.D.
Baltimore, Maryland

P.S. I am also a World Federalist and have been since 1947. This is not a Communist front organization but simply an organization that wishes to outlaw war by some means or other.

Life Under a King

No survey of the American royalist underground (by T. John Jamieson, *TAS,* July 1982) would be complete without the obituary for the consort of King Carol of Rumania that, Bill Buckley tells us, Henry Hazlitt considered running in the *Freeman*:

Said the beauteous Magda Lupescu
As she rushed to Roumania's rescue,
It's a wonderful thing
To live under a king.
Is democracy better, I esk you?

—Richard Brookhiser
National Review
New York, New York

Irish "Dark" Ages

In quoting Thomas Sowell on the Irish and Irish-Americans without critical comment, your reviewer, Antony Flew (*TAS,* May 1982), left behind some very serious misconceptions. *Item:* The National Opinion Research Center's 1977 and 1978 study found Irish Catholics, in terms of education, occupation, and income, to be notably above the national average for other Gentile Whites . . . and the average income of the Irish Catholics in the years 1975 to 1978 to have been slightly above that of the Jews. Thus, it is incorrect to say, as Sowell does, that the Jews have "outdistanced" the Irish in income. The two groups are virtually neck-in-neck, with both clearly ahead of all other Americans of whatever background. *Item:* Sowell's observation that "The ancient Celtic culture was hostile to literacy" is so outrageous that one's immediate reaction is numbed shock. As far back as can be chronicled with any accuracy the Irish have been a people obsessed with the written and spoken word. Spenser, in his "State of

(*continued on page 41*)

FOREIGN POLICY IS AN ACCIDENT WITHOUT A STRATEGY

Statesmen, policy analysts, scholars, and intelligent citizens will want to put GRAND STRATEGY on their regular reading list for:

- Hard-nosed, far-sighted analysis of the strategic choices facing the United States
- Anticipation and assessment of events affecting the world balance of power, which often go unmentioned in the Western press
- A consistent articulation and timely application of the rudiments of strategy to the latest developments in the international arena
- A deep-rooted view of world politics that challenges all the fashionable orthodoxies

Executive Editor: Harold Rood, Professor of International Relations, Claremont McKenna College.
Editors: Patrick J. Garrity, Director of Research, Public Research, Syndicated; L. P. Arnn, Vice President, Public Research, Syndicated.
GRAND STRATEGY: Countercurrents is a publication of Public Research, Syndicated

---------- Subscribe Now ----------

Please begin my GRAND STRATEGY subscription.
Annual Subscription rate (23 issues)
☐ Personal $35.00 ☐ Institutional $50.00 ☐ Overseas (Airmail) $50.00
Checks or money orders ONLY please.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
☐ Payment Enclosed ☐ Please Bill Me

Send to: Grand Strategy, 480 N. Indian Hill Blvd., Suite 2, Claremont, CA 91711.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR.

Editor-in-Chief:
R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Publisher:
Ronald E. Burr

Business Staff
Assistant Publisher:
Susan C. France
Circulation Manager:
Kathryn L. Baker
Assistant Circulation Manager:
Lou Ann Sabatier
Business Office Secretaries:
Colleen K. Perry, Cindy L. Baker
Staff Assistant:
Ann Moore Gutiérrez

Editorial Staff
Managing Editor:
Wladyslaw Pleszczynski
Production Manager:
Jan Hoffman Sharkey
Assistant Managing Editor:
William McGurn
Research Director:
Paul H. Vivian
Executive Secretary:
Jenny Meadows
Production Assistant:
Linda S. Calkins
Editorial Interns:
Richard Starr, J. Vincent Fitzpatrick
Senior Editors:
A. Lawrence Chickering, Adam Meyerson, Karl O'Lessker
Art Advisor:
Sheila Wolfe
Washington Editor:
Tom Bethell
New York Editor:
Whit Stillman
Cambridge Editor:
Andy Stark
Chief Saloon Correspondent:
Douglas Bartholomew
Contributors:
Aram Bakshian, Jr., Fred Barnes, Martha Bayles, Christopher C. DeMuth, Terry Eastland, Jerry Gerde, Roger Kaplan, William Kristol, William H. Nolte, Terry O'Rourke, John Podhoretz, Alan Reynolds, Mitchell S. Ross
Legal Counsel:
Solitary, Poor, Nasty, Brutish & Short

The American Spectator **was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it *The Alternative: An American Spectator;* but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name. *The American Spectator* is now published monthly at 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana. Second class postage paid at Bloomington, Indiana, and additional mailing offices.**

A one-year subscription (12 issues) costs $18, outside the United States $22. Foreign air mail rates sent on request. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to *The American Spectator,* P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47402, (812) 334-2715; New York office, (212) 724-3799. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. U.S.A. newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributors, Inc., 111 Eighth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. ISSN 0148-8414.

Published remarkably without regard to sex, life-style, race, color, creed, physical handicap, or national origin.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: *The American Spectator,* P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47402.

Copyright © *The American Spectator* 1982

Volume 15, Number 8, August 1982.

Audited Paid Circulation ABC

C O N T E N T S

The Danger of Egalityranny.....Michael Novak 8
When a passion for equality levels reason.

Evenings With the Bridge Family.....William H. Nolte 12
On rereading Evan Connell's extraordinary chronicles of ordinary life.

American Women Make Lousy Lovers.....Taki 15
Another chapter from the ugly history of American feminism by an erudite student of the venery arts.

The Farmer and the Mall:
Are American Farmlands Disappearing?.....Julian L. Simon 18
The eco-freaks in our government say yes, but Julian L. Simon says beware of the next political scam.

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence..... 2
Capitol Ideas / Billy Bee.....Tom Bethell 4
Editorial / Stockpiling for Peace / What's the Fuss?.....R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 5
The Continuing Crisis..... 7
Presswatch / Bitter Over Vinocur.....Fred Barnes 21
European Document / A Separate Peace.....Wladyslaw Pleszczynski 24
Eminentoes / The K.G.B. Hetman.....Adrian Karatnycky 26
The Great American Saloon Series / Hoffman's of San Francisco.....Douglas Bartholomew 28
Current Wisdom.....Assorted Jackasses 42

BOOK REVIEWS

The Life and Times of Joe McCarthy, by Thomas Reeves.....Paul Seabury 30

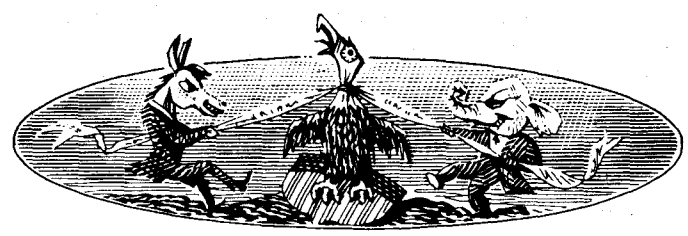
Jews Without Mercy: A Lament, by Earl Shorris.....Werner J. Dannhauser 33

The Gentleman in Trollope: Individuality and Moral Conduct, by Shirley Robin Letwin.....Maurice Cranston 34

At Dawn We Slept: The Untold Story of Pearl Harbor, by Gordon W. Prange, *Infamy: Pearl Harbor and Its Aftermath,* by John Toland, and *The American Magic: Ciphers, Codes and the Defeat of Japan,* by Ronald Lewin.....Eliot A. Cohen 36

The Portable Conservative Reader, edited by Russell Kirk.....T. John Jamieson 38

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BILLY BEE

by Tom Bethell

By the mid 1970s, Billy Graham began to hear the murmuring of innumerable bees. "Be a better Billy," the Hive would drone in his ear. At that time Watergate weighed heavily on Billy's mind. Maybe it was true after all, as they had always said of him, that he was too respectful of the powers that be, too close to Nixon . . . Hmmmmm . . . This doubt weakened Billy—made him vulnerable to the Hive, and the worker bees knew it. They spent their days endlessly pollinating public opinion, and some of them—scout bees—kept an eye on Billy Graham. With a little concerted effort, the Hive knew that there was a chance it could assimilate Billy into . . . the cause—the goal on behalf of which the elements of the Hive instinctively labor.

"Billy," the Hive would hum, "you've been too close to Johnson, too close to Nixon. He was discredited, you know—crimes in high places. You may have been a little tainted with the same brush, Billy. Remember the unindicted co-conspirators? But we won't say another word about it. Just get on the side of history. Grow a little. Open up to new ideas. Help us build a new society, a society of justice and peace. Stop trying to impose your old views, legislate morality, turn the clock back. You can't fight reality, can you Billy? So don't fight us . . ."

Yes, Billy thought, it was time to grow. He had heard somehow (on the grapevine) that they might let him lead a crusade to the Soviet Union. Perhaps this could be his biggest and most important ever. He could preach to the Russians at last. Not that there was any more need to overcome Communism. That was dead, wasn't it? 'Fifties talk. No one believed in it anymore. The ideology was defunct, moribund, because it couldn't adapt to change. So he wouldn't have to say anything about Communism. No more Cold War rhetoric (in fact, it might even be McCarthyism to mention it).

So now Billy Graham had grown. He was open to new ideas (and willing to discard old ones). Yes, he would be happy to meet with Mr. Brezhnev if the need or opportunity arose. Yes, he would go to a Moscow peace conference. No, he wouldn't listen if the Reagan Administration told him not to go. A peace conference? Did someone say peace? Billy was for it and opposed to nuclear weapons in every shape or form. Hadn't the United States and the Soviet Union been aligned once before against a common enemy? Well, now they were again—against the nuclear threat.

Billy's only regret was that he hadn't learned these things sooner. "Frankly I wish I'd read more and spoken less," he said to a *Parade* magazine reporter in 1981. "I've come to understand that there are no simplistic answers to the exceedingly complicated questions we face as a country—and as a planet."

Wasn't that a honey? Billy had learned to speak Hivetalk. Or so it seemed. And if he was speaking the right lingo, he must be thinking the right thoughts. Sure it should have been "complex" problems, not "complicated," but what a small gaffe for one who had journeyed so far in such a short period. Bill Moyers, a former preacher from the South who had likewise "made passage" to the kingdom of rich liberals in the East, must have been mighty proud of the old unregenerate anti-Communist Billy. My, how that Billah had transcended and metamorphosed and regenerated and pupated—in a word, grown.

"[Graham] often speaks of a personal 'pilgrimage' that has led him to regard the ending of the arms race as 'my number one social concern,'" wrote Kenneth Briggs of the *New York Times*. He added (almost superfluously): "Others believe Mr. Graham has adopted the right approach by raising the subject of arms control in a way that prompts others to think for themselves."

There. The dunce's cap had been ceremoniously removed from Billy's head. Billy was not only thinking more. He was prompting others to think, too.

Bruce Morton, busy bee at CBS, soon picked up the Billy-signals and came chiming across the airwaves with a nice little congratulatory send-off for the Moscow-bound preacher. Same message, same language. "So he is speaking on this college tour," Brucie-bee concluded, "and next month as an observer at a Soviet-sponsored peace conference where he expects to deliver the same message. The heart of Graham's message remains traditional evangelism, a call to salvation through Christ. But he is now . . . [wait for it] . . . thinking and speaking out strongly about disarmament and urging the thousands who come to see him to think about it too."

Billy had made the interior journey. Now he would have to make the geographical one. Could he really deliver the same message from the precarious but all-important Moscow platform, and so make us think even more than we were already thinking? The Hive was abuzz with excitement and apprehension, waiting to see what the next few days would bring.

He flew to Moscow and right away met for over three hours with Georgi Arbatov, one of the top Soviet propagandists (sometimes seen on CBS and heard on the Voice of America). Graham emerged from the Arbatov meeting and said to the assembled reporters: "I have met a very wonderful official here."

Ouch. Careful there, Billy. All you had to say was ". . . problems that face us all . . ." Not "very wonderful official." Gauche. Obviously this wrong-knife-and-fork-Southern Baptist Billy didn't really know his

Tom Bethell, The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent, holds the DeWitt Wallace Chair in Communications at the American Enterprise Institute.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bees and clues after all and he would have to be watched carefully. The spirit was willing, but the tongue was weak.

Then he went to Moscow's only Baptist Church and reminded the congregation of KGB agents and party officials to "obey the authorities," in accordance with the Epistle to the Romans. The officials sat stolidly in their pews, heeding the advice. On then to the peace conference. This was followed by a meeting with Boris Ponomarev, who was recently described in the *Washington Post* as "the Politburo member responsible for the world communist movement." (One had thought this was composed of "indigenous" parts, with no overall responsibility in Moscow, but we defer to the *Post*'s Don Oberdorfer on this issue.) Graham was more discreet about Boris than he had been about Georgi. But at the subsequent press conference he blew the whole trip in a few moments of careless talk.

First of all, he tactlessly criticized "the false notion that there is no religious freedom in this country . . . Saturday night I went to three Orthodox churches that were jammed to capacity. You wouldn't get that in Charlotte, North Carolina."

Graham just couldn't leave well enough alone, embarrassingly repeating the errors of George Bernard Shaw and the Webbs, and with even less excuse after fifty years. "The meals I have had are among the finest I have ever eaten," he said. "In the United States you have to be a millionaire to have caviar, but I have had caviar with almost every meal."

Bad Billy! Now the Hive was in a sullen rage. The usual news media dynamic of denial and confrontation (normally so helpful to the Hive) went ahead as expected, with unreliables like Dusko Doder of the *Washington Post* and Serge Schmemann of the *New York Times* getting ample space to take issue with the hapless preacher's defense of the Soviet Union. Doder teased about the cost of caviar to the average Soviet citizen, and Schmemann even had a big spread on a subject the *Times* has skirted like a colony of lepers: the persecution of Christianity in the Soviet Union. Normally such taboo topics were kept out of sight by calling them "not newsworthy," but now Billy the Bad had put them near the top of the news agenda.

Colman McCarthy of the *Washington Post* was sitting in the Hive quivering with indignation—and sharpening his quill and his sting. Billy had come near the Hive, but he had shown that he could not read or transmit correct signals. Nothing could be more dangerous. As a result everything had become stirred up in the wrong way. Good-writer Colman McCarthy, one of the more ferocious guard-bees of the Hive, would deliver the sting.

Colman McCarthy had spent five years inside another kind of cell—in a Trappist monastery in central Georgia. But . . . somehow it hadn't quite worked out. He left before taking vows. And so he came out into the world again—with a sharp sting in his tail. Such a background of course made him a perfect candidate for the Hive—the community of apostates.

McCarthy's antennae, unlike Graham's, were in perfect working order. Did he have to be *told* who needed stinging and when? Did he need *instructions from Moscow?* Of course he didn't! He was indigenous, autonomous, and independent—like all the other bees in the Hive. To get his "instructions" he needed only to pick up the newspaper or turn on the TV (where as it happened Billy Graham was catching more flak from David Brinkley's guests on ABC).

So Colman McCarthy came zipping out of the Hive and quilled a sharp column entitled "The Duping of Billy Graham." Billy had been "snookered by the Soviets," McCarthy wrote—but it wasn't the Soviets, the dupers, who irritated him. Far from it. It was Billy Graham. But it wasn't Billy's gullibility that bothered him either. It was the far graver sin of indiscretion.

"Any easing of the American phobia of things Russian, Marxist or Soviet is welcome," buzzed Colman the Guardian Bee. "But Graham wasn't content with this modest contribution. He had to *blab indiscriminately* about religious freedom, obedience to the state, and the caviar" [emphasis added].

Billy, meaning nothing but good, had embarrassed the Hive. There would have to be a prolonged period in a re-education camp before they would let him near its portals again. Meanwhile Colman McCarthy had firmly thrust the dunce's cap back on Billy's head—a plain language warning to any stray bees who might still be tuned in to the likes of Bruce Morton and Kenneth Briggs. "In Moscow, as everywhere else," Colman McCarthy concluded, "the pattern of Graham's career was on display: talking too much and thinking too little."

And that put Billy Graham back to square one. □

EDITORIAL

STOCKPILING FOR PEACE

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Another month passes, and still no nuclear war reported. Some of the antinuke brethren must have been amazed by the news. Others are surely greatly relieved. But for those who actually evangelize for the antinuke crusade the passage of yet another month free of nuclear war merely heightens their tensions and convinces them that when the war of their dreams finally breaks out it will be even more devastating than anticipated.

For the most part, we are dealing with a very curious *mentalité* when we come across the antinuke crusader. What does one make of those who address an issue of the utmost importance, complexity, and danger as though the rest of the world did not exist? After all, peace depends not only upon America but also on some other countries, countries over which the peace marchers have no influence. The paradigmatic peace marcher seems almost to pride himself on his simplicity and his aloofness from the rest of the world.

When informed that an American disarmament or freeze is at best irrelevant to world peace so long as people like Papa Brezhnev have their nukes, the peace marcher's response is some cacophonic indulgence along the lines of "I don't care." It takes a rather voluminous egotist to propound an American nuclear defense policy as though the rest of the world did not matter. Nonetheless, egotism appears to be the major component in this spring's movement. Tom Wolfe's Me-maniac has entered politics; the smoke of the smoke-filled room is replaced by the fumes of herbal tea. The peace demonstrator's goal is to strike the seemly pose, much like those Pecksniffs who flaunt bumper stickers proclaiming "Caution, I brake for small animals."

The latter manifestation of self-righteousness merely amuses. The former could be dangerous. After all, in nuclear terms American defense policy has been a success. For almost four decades there has been no nuclear war. Deterrence has worked, which apparently just worries our demonstrators all the more.

How do they explain the passage of another month free of nuclear holocaust, some 1,925 weeks since Nagasaki? Was it their huge peace procession in New York City? Doubtless many believe that the procession was a powerful blow for peace, but then there are also Americanoes who believe that a horse hair kept in a jar or a dirty sock worn around the neck will prevent illness and plague. Actually, American power is what saves us from nuclear holocaust. Were we without the power, who can say with confidence that some future domestic instability within the Soviet

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

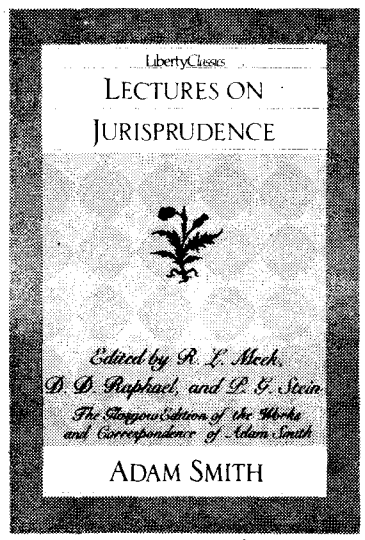
Union might not encourage a skittish Soviet Galtieri to make a desperate strike against us? Had he the upper hand in nuclear technology who would want to gamble that he would not use *it*?

Last month was in truth a very good month for those of us who relish the gentle sough of a peaceful world. In the Middle East the Israelis struck a lethal blow against one of the most violent little entities on earth, thus bringing a peaceful Lebanon closer to reality, fortifying Arab moderates, and giving the PLO something to worry about other than how they might ambush an innocent public figure or bombard a defenseless village. In the South Atlantic the British showed that the West cannot always be toyed with and that such principles as self-determination and sovereignty are serious matters. By defending civilized principles the British have slowed the world's further descent into barbarism.

Finally, one other piece of news made last month an auspicious month for peace. American technology contributed decisively to both the Israeli and British victories. Our small-is-beautiful weapons critics around Sen. Gary Hart are correct: Much American weaponry is terribly sophisticated and expensive. But the stuff is also devilishly effective. Our Sidewinder missiles, our F-15 and F-16 fighters, our shrike missiles, our E-2C Hawkeye surveillance planes, along with other American-made electronic devices proved superior to Soviet weapons. That is very good news to those of us who believe that the world is safest when the democracies have the edge on the thugs.

Last month two American allies and a formidable arsenal of American weaponry were the instruments of peace as surely as the New York peace procession was an instrument of confusion. Yet as our thoughtful and enormously competent secretary of the navy, John Lehman, has been pointing out for over a year, not enough of this technology is now deployed among our own forces. We have the instruments to protect the peace. We even have instruments to outfox Exocet missiles used so effectively against the British navy. They must be effectively deployed. Events in the Middle East and in the South Atlantic last month showed that the only effective peace procession in the past four decades has been the procession of American weapons coming off the production lines of American defense plants. □

LibertyPress
LibertyClassics



Lectures on Jurisprudence

By Adam Smith

The Glasgow Edition

Editors: R. L. Meek, D. D. Raphael, and P. G. Stein

This volume contains all known notes of Smith's lectures on jurisprudence delivered at Glasgow in 1762-3. The whole work is extensively annotated for both specialists and general readers.

This book is a part of the edition of Smith's works and correspondence commissioned by the University of Glasgow to celebrate the bicentenary of *The Wealth of Nations* in 1976. Softcover only $5.50.

Prepayment is required on all orders not for resale. We pay book rate postage on prepaid orders. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. *All* orders from outside the United States *must* be prepaid *in U.S. dollars*. To order, or for a copy of our catalogue, write:
Liberty*Press*/Liberty*Classics*
7440 North Shadeland, Dept. A60
Indianapolis, IN 46250

WHAT'S THE FUSS?

Last month also brought the 10th anniversary of the Watergate burglary, and all major media duly saluted the marvel. I, for one, was taken aback. After all, last month also brought the 10th anniversary of renowned entomologist Glen F. Birkhalter's mission to Moscow where, under the auspices of the Orkin Exterminating Company, he was to rid the American Embassy of Soviet cockroaches. It also brought the 10th anniversary of a rather epic nocturnal brawl in front of 1508 Flatbush Avenue, the Brooklyn campaign headquarters of Miss Elizabeth Holtzman. Six drunks took on her local Machiavels, sending three of them to King's County Hospital. No mention of these events has appeared in the newsweeklies, on television, or anyplace else; and Mr. Birkhalter had traveled at company expense "to help bring peace of mind" to our embassy's staff.

The newsweeklies were dutiful about informing us of the whereabouts of the Watergate defendants and even of some, like Maurice Stans, who had nothing to do with Watergate whatsoever. Well, I am

(*continued on page 40*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• June passes and with it the odious ERA, the latter being a helpless victim, if reports in the media are to be believed, of some dim immensity, inscrutable and implacable. What precisely that immensity might have been no one in the media would fain define. Only La Smeal of La NOW gave the details. In the last week of June, she finally divulged the components of the ghastly force that doomed ERA, to wit: the Republican party and "special corporate interests"! Yes, it was a cabal that "profits massively from sex discrimination particularly on the local level." There you have it! Born of the lie that the American male conspired in his Rotary Clubs to enslave the female, the ERA is buried by liars claiming that this ghastly legal monstrosity was defeated by the corporate bogeyman. In truth it was defeated by the American mainstream that recognized the rancorous Women of the Fevered Brow for the swinish radicals they so often are. Their dissimulations might have chloroformed the American media, but they did not fool the rest of us. Female garbage-truck drivers and gung ho gals sweating out the nine-to-five might be La Smeal's view of the just society, but all this huffing and puffing is not for those of us who know that life in America is lived best after 8 p.m. We turned to our mothers, and they, with Mrs. Phyllis Schlafly as their Julius Caesar, saved us from the unisex commode.

• And the Women of the Fevered Brow were not the only liars to hornswoggle our beleaguered media last month. There were also the wizards of the Spring Peace Camorra who have kept our sharp-eyed investigative journalists befuddled all season by the *suggestio falsi* that the peace movement comprehends all species of Americano. The media swallowed this claptrap again on June 12 when a huge peace rally filled Central Park, but the indefatigable Joe Sobran of *National Review* was there, too, and while sleuths of major media lolled in the catnip Sobran recorded the speakers on the platform: Robert Drinan, Bella Abzug, Helen Caldicott, Coretta Scott King, William Sloane Coffin, Elizabeth Holtzman, Barry Commoner—speakers from what some poor sap at the *New York Times* called a "rainbow spectrum" of American politics.

• John W. Hinckley, Jr., who went to all that trouble to shoot President Reagan last March, was found not guilty by reason of insanity. The verdict outraged millions, but you can imagine how it was received in the home of Mr. Terry McGinnis. Mr. McGinnis, who was left a quadriplegic after a 1975 automobile accident, shot John A. Robinson, a passenger in McGinnis's car at the time of the accident, with a special gun that allowed McGinnis to fire it with his tongue. Mr. McGinnis had designed the gun himself, and when Mr. Robinson argued with him about that seven-year-old accident he let him have it. To follow up on a story reported in our May issue, Mr. Richard Moss, who stabbed a cigarette smoker in an elevator on the campus of San Francisco State University, has pleaded self-defense. In Spanish Lake, Missouri, dog lover Michael Marti's conscience rebelled when Mr. Richard Crabtree kicked Mr. Marti's dog. His mind aswirl with all the infamies of 2,000 years of dog-kicking, he bit Mr. Crabtree's nose off.

• One of TV's most illustrious hysterics, Mr. Phil Donahue, sniffily canceled out in New York when only 250 tickets were sold for his appearance in a 2,700-seat theater, and the Palestine Liberation Organization headed for the hills, thence for the bomb shelters of old Beirut, when the Israelis decided they had received one mortar barrage too many from PLO enclaves in southern Lebanon. Mrs. Thatcher's legions took Port Stanley, the last Argentine stronghold in the Falklands, and Mr. Werner Fassbinder died. Mr. Fassbinder, a German movie director from the life-is-not-worth-living school, finally took his own work seriously. An autopsy revealed that he had turned himself into an enormous human test tube replete with sleeping pills, cocaine, and, of course, laxatives.

• In San Jose, California the corpulent and sedentary Mrs. Betty Marie Mentry, 45, had felony manslaughter charges filed against her. Mrs. Mentry, who weighs 220 pounds, is accused of killing her eight-year-old son with her own arse. According to the woman's ten-year-old daughter, Mrs. Mentry sat on her son for three hours because a local counseling service had advised her to "use your weight" to restrain her hyperactive son. Buena Park, California remains in a pother over reports that an eight-foot-tall, man-like creature lives in the city's sewer system. Ever since rumors of the creature's strange life-style began circulating Buena Vistans have been peeping under manhole covers, and two, Mr. Dennis Ruminer and Mr. Tom Muzila, have actually tracked the odoriferous creature with divining rods. On June 5 Miss Sophia Loren was released from a Naples hoosegow after serving 17 days of a 30-day jail sentence for tax evasion, but all was not roses. As her Mercedes pulled away from the prison, a car full of gaga *carabinieri* seeking a closer look rammed her.

• *Ms.* magazine, journalism's equivalent of the hog-brains sandwich, celebrated its tenth anniversary. Demonstrators barred the entrance to the United Nations missions of the five atomic powers, and in Lake Arthur, New Mexico the multitudes kept coming to the Shrine of the Holy Tortilla. The Shrine is the residence of Mrs. Maria Rubio, who without formal theological instruction managed on October 5, 1977, to fry a tortilla intaglioed with the image of Jesus Christ—right in the midst of the grease. Rich friends of President Reagan continue to shower him with opulence for his valiant efforts to keep the poor man down. This time it is the powerful Bickel family of Angola, Indiana, and they have sent the Reagans a fantastic jellybean lamp. Jimmy Carter never got jellybean lamps.

• In fashion news, the eminent Herb Caen reports that Mr. Charlie Weird of San Francisco, California, has designed a piece of pungent warm weather jewelry, a necklace featuring a genuine mousetrap complete with mouse. T-shirts may be about to go out of fashion—certainly a St. Louis robber by the name of James will never wear another while on the job. Mr. James, who was arrested shortly after robbing a garage, had made the error of wearing a T-shirt with—alas—his name on the back. And *China Youth News* editorialized in Peking that youthful Chinese who wear T-shirts might fare even worse than Mr. James. According to the *Youth News,* post-Maoist hep cats wearing Western T-shirts with such English language messages as "Kiss Me" are guilty of "ignorance, exhibitionism, and spiritual pollution." On June 13, King Khalid of Saudi Arabia died, a probable victim of women's underwear. King Khalid, a heart patient, owned one of the most extensive collections of *New York Times* lingerie ads in the Arab world, and his final seizure came just days after a new supply of Bloomingdale's ads was presented to him by an unnamed Western industrialist.

• New Yorkers raised the drinking age to nineteen. That is one year more than the voting age. Once again the common sense of the American is revealed; to drink demands more maturity than to vote! In the District of Columbia a wholly factitious statehood convention convened and drew up a constitution so bizarre that citizens would have to drink to vote, and author Jerzy Kosinski faced a mutiny when two assistants from his harem divulged that they had written parts of his books for him. Actually he should be grateful that others are willing to take the blame.

• Finally, there is still more evidence of a growing conservative trend in the Republic. A University of Miami researcher has announced that smokers would actually benefit if cigarettes contained more nicotine. The pendulum continues to swing!

—RET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR VOL. 15, NO. 8 / AUGUST 1982

Michael Novak

THE DANGER OF EGALITYRANNY

When a passion for equality levels reason.

Like Will Rogers, I have never belonged to an organized political party. I am a lifelong Democrat. The Democratic party is accustomed to many internal strains, of which one of the most important but seldom discussed is a dispute concerning its own ideals. Democratic socialists in New York and at major universities like to describe themselves as "the conscience" of the Democratic party. Their aim is to move the party in the direction of socialism. Their intentions are highly moral. They believe that they are motivated by the highest human ideals. Indeed, they call their vision of *morality* "socialism." In the American tradition, they believe in inching toward their ideal pragmatically, democratically, slowly.

Once upon a time I shared this view. I no longer do. But I intend not so much to criticize the democratic socialist ideal as to try to sketch the difference in *horizon* between a democratic socialist and a democratic capitalist. In some ways, this conflict is more important for the future of the Left than of the center or the Right. But the issues are elusive because they concern perceptions, ways of seeing, styles of judging—they are almost religious in their depth. To move from one view to another is more difficult than simply making a fresh pragmatic judgment based upon facts; it is a little more like (not exactly like) making a religious conversion. In particular, there is a profound conflict within American political culture—a conflict Tocqueville called attention to 150 years ago—the conflict between the party of liberty and the party of equality.

Democratic socialists in Europe and the United States tend to believe that a capitalist economy is an embarrassment to a democratic society. In their eyes, the socialist ideal gives society its moral character. Therefore, although compromises must be struck with conservatives who favor a capitalist economy—compromises both in the name of social peace and in the name of economic efficiency—still, idealism demands (so say those on the Left) a transformation of the capitalist economy in the direction of socialism. Thus, they say, the nineteenth-century "liberal" revolution achieved the democratization of the political order; the aim of the twentieth-century "democratic socialist" revolution is to achieve the democratization of the economic order. Yet this idea of "economic democracy" is by no means clear. Does it mean centralization or decentralization? National Planning Boards or local autonomy? What *does* seem clear is that "equality" is its chief symbol, and that its first steps require a national incomes policy and the imposition of political controls on private investments.

To a large extent, the current of ideas which propels democratic socialist thought was clearly foreseen by Alexis de Tocqueville. Writing before the word "socialism" had yet come into more than occasional use, Tocqueville believed that the two ideals of the American Revolution (and later of the French Revolution)—liberty and equality—are in radical conflict: For the party of liberty, any true respect for liberty will entail equality before the law but significant inequalities of fortune; for the party of equality, any true respect for equality will entail significant reductions of liberty for those whose talent, applications, or luck bring them unequal fortune. Put another way, those who live within the horizon of liberty cherish a limited state within which significant inequalities of result flourish, while those within the horizon of equality wish to strengthen the state so as to reduce inequalities.

It is important to stress that this debate is carried on at two quite different levels of explicitness. On both sides, there are some who argue from principle and a fully articulated ideology. There are convinced libertarians, old liberals, and free enterprisers on the one hand, and convinced Marxists, non-Marxist socialists, and anti-Soviet Marxists of varying doctrines on the other. For most pragmatic individuals, however, the ideological dispute is conducted less through sharp abstractions and pure principles and more through practical adjustments, compromises, and negotiated compacts, case by case. Thus we have the famous "mixed economies" of most

---

Michael Novak is author, most recently, of The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism (*Simon and Schuster*). *This essay is adapted from a paper delivered earlier this year at the Tocqueville Forum on Contemporary Public Affairs at Wake Forest University. The paper will appear in its original version, together with other papers from the forum, in a volume entitled* The Promise of American Politics: Principles and Practice After 200 Years, *edited by Robert Utley.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Western states, from Sweden and the United Kingdom to West Germany, Japan, and the United States.

Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to believe that this pragmatic argument does not have its intellectual, conceptual, and symbolic components. Practical people, too, are human, finite, and limited in their vision. I have introduced the term "horizon" to suggest the relation between the thinking person and the range of what such a person envisages. In real life, each individual operates within a distinctive and limited horizon, understanding some things quickly and clearly, and others only with difficulty, if at all. Thus, members of the party of liberty and members of the party of equality tend to experience, understand, and judge in remarkably opposite ways, even when confronted with the same materials.

This difference in horizon makes it difficult for anyone who attempts to be neutral to mediate between the party of liberty and the party of equality. It also makes it difficult for those within one of these parties to fashion arguments convincing to those within the other. At every level of discourse, each person involved seems to experience reality in so different a way as to make direct one-to-one arguments, even on simple matters of fact, extremely wearying. Each party sees and perceives, imagines and judges in a way so different from the other that the search for common ground—whether of fact, principle, or ultimate ideal—is extremely arduous. Gordon W. Allport once reported in his studies of psychology that religious convictions lie at the deepest level of personality, with convictions about political economy running a close second. Experience shows that arguments among people whose convictions about political economy are different are at least very *like* arguments about religion. Indeed, given the secularization of modern life, such arguments often seem to occupy the place formerly held by religion. For this reason, to describe them as arguments between different horizons, rather than as arguments easily settled by appeal to commonly accepted facts or principles, seems to do justice to their psychological intractability.

My own training, it will be clear, lies both in philosophy and in theology. The methods required by these two disciplines are complementary. Philosophical disciplines, as they are practiced in northwestern Europe and the United States, teach one to ferret out the remote principles of everyday thinking and to submit them to rigorous examination. Theological disciplines, especially as they have come to be developed in settings concerned with comparative religions (in regions of experience close to those of anthropology), teach one to ferret out as well the symbols, stories, and liturgies through which the human subject experiences, imagines, and judges the world. Philosophy, in this sense, is rather more conceptual, analytical, and logical. Theology, in this sense, is rather more concerned with the imagination, sensibility, and world view within which philosophical thinking relates itself to the self, to others, and the world.

I think it is fair to say that the arguments put forward by the party of liberty and the arguments put forward by the party of equality, until now, have not been similarly formed. To put the matter starkly, the arguments of the party of liberty have so far been put almost wholly in the idiom of philosophy, whereas the arguments of the party of equality have been put much more fully in the language of (secular) theology. Consider, for example, the relatively remote and cerebral quality of the writings of Friedrich Hayek, Milton Friedman, and Robert Nozick, on the one hand, as compared with those who describe the necessities of compassion, the condition of the world's poor, and the scandals of inequality, on the other. Indeed, Robert Heilbroner appealed to exactly this sort of difference in his recent book on Marx, pointing out that Marx must be read not as a factual, conceptual thinker but as the creator of a new way of seeing reality—a different way of looking at things. In his own study of Marxism, Leszek Kolakowski is obliged to make a similar point: Marxism offers a sort of "template" for seeing reality, not a simple argument over facts or concepts.

In short, I think it may fairly be argued that the party of liberty has been affected by a certain rationalism, a rationalism which appeals strongly to some while alienating many others. Conversely, the party of equality is frequently regarded, even by its friends, as inclined to a certain softness, muddledness, fuzzy-headedness, and sectarian passion. George Orwell, for example, at the stage in his life when he was still a fervent socialist, could not refrain from observing certain classic tendencies among his socialist colleagues. To put matters starkly once again, partisans of liberty tend to pride themselves on their hardheadedness, logic, and realism. Partisans of equality tend to pride themselves on their goodness, compassion, and sense of caring. Popular political slogans caricature these differences: "People not profits"; "Do-gooders versus realists."

II

Within the American tradition of political economy, whose formative years lie before the origins of socialism, there was not much doubt that liberty and equality go together. It was widely recognized that human beings differ in talent, temperament, application, and virtue. It was also widely recognized that in the societies known to the past many people lacked the opportunity to prove themselves. There was great expectation that liberty under law would provide a sort of equality the human race had never before experienced. In this sense, liberty and equality would go together. Neither one would be perfect. Liberty would be constrained by both law and circumstance. Equality under the law would not mean that the lad born poor would begin life as an equal—in capital, experience, schooling, culture, or contacts—to the lad born to an aristocratic family. Yet in a single lifetime, it was believed and—much more important—it was experienced, a lad born poor might outstrip in his accomplishments, in fortune, and in fame many who had been born in "better" circumstances. Life was not imagined to be a morality play about equality of results. It was believed to be a morality play about the opportunity of all to better themselves and their condition, according to their own efforts and their own luck.

Let me cite but one example, from the letter of Abraham Lincoln to his stepbrother John D. Johnston on January 2, 1851: →

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dear Johnston:

Your request for eighty dollars I do not think it best to comply with now. At the various times when I have helped you a little you have said to me, "We can get along very well now"; but in a very short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now, this can only happen by some defect in your conduct. What that defect is, I think I know. You are not lazy, and still you are an idler. I doubt whether, since I saw you, you have done a good whole day's work in any one day. You do not very much dislike to work, and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you that you could get much for it. This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty; it is vastly important to you, and still more so to your children, that you should break the habit. It is more important to them, because they have longer to live, and can keep out of an idle habit before they are in it, easier than they can get out after they are in. . . .

Abraham Lincoln was born in poverty equal to that of his stepbrother, but in character and application the two were vastly different. This difference did not scandalize the one or the other; it was only a typical fact of life. A few years later, in another fragment, Lincoln spelled out another fact of American life quite clearly:

Equality in society alike beats inequality, whether the latter be of the British aristocratic sort or of the domestic slavery sort. We know Southern men declare that their slaves are better off than hired laborers amongst us. How little they know whereof they speak! There is no permanent class of hired laborers amongst us. Twenty-five years ago I was a hired laborer. The hired laborer of yesterday labors on his own account to-day, and will hire others to labor for him tomorrow. Advancement—improvement in condition—is the order of things in a society of equals. . . .

Free labor has the inspiration of hope; pure slavery has no hope. The power of hope upon human exertion and happiness is wonderful.

In the American system, equality was tied to hope. It meant opportunity—opportunity which individuals would seize unequally. The ideal of equality thus respected the ideal of liberty. And for a very good reason: Free men make different use of their freedom. A free society cannot hope to show equal results. What it can and must offer is that everyone without exception should have opportunities, the failure to seize which would properly be ascribed to himself. While in the real world no man has complete charge over his own destiny, in a free society each has some personal responsibility for his own destiny.

Under the impact of European socialism, a quite different ideal of equality was gaining momentum even as Tocqueville wrote in 1831. The party of equality—indeed, of leveling—was in formation. The horizon within which equality was to be understood was not American; its cast was quite different. So, also, the concept of liberty began to be grasped within an altogether different horizon. Tocqueville saw the future of the United States as a battle ground between these two different horizons. Within both, the ideals of liberty and equality are supremely important. Yet the one horizon is not simply different from the other but antithetical to it. Indeed, in Tocqueville's view, a new form of "soft" tyranny was being born—the desire of men so to be equal that they would be willing to give up their liberty. Tocqueville was quite explicit:

. . . the species of oppression by which democratic nations are menaced is unlike anything that ever before existed in the world; our contemporaries will find no prototype of it in their memories. . . .

The first thing that strikes the observation is an innumerable multitude of men, all equal and alike, incessantly endeavoring to procure the petty and paltry pleasures with which they glut their lives. . . .

Above this race of men stands an immense and tutelary power, which takes upon itself alone to secure their gratifications and to watch over their fate. That power is absolute, minute, regular, provident, and mild. It would be like the authority of a parent if, like that authority, its object was to prepare men for manhood; but it seeks, on the contrary, to keep them in perpetual childhood: it is well content that the people should rejoice, provided they think of nothing but rejoicing. For their happiness such a government willingly labors, but it chooses to be the sole agent and the only arbiter of that happiness; it provides for their security, foresees and supplies their necessities, facilitates their pleasures, manages their principal concerns, directs their industry, regulates the descent of property, and subdivides their inheritances: what remains, but to spare them all the care of thinking and all the trouble of living?

Thus it every day renders the exercise of the free agency of man less useful and less frequent; it circumscribes the will within a narrower range and gradually robs a man of all the uses of himself. The principle of equality has prepared men for these things; it has predisposed men to endure them and often to look on them as benefits.

After having thus successively taken each member of the community in its powerful grasp and fashioned him at will, the supreme power then extends its arm over the whole community. It covers the surface of society with a network of small complicated rules, minute and uniform, through which the most original minds and the most energetic characters cannot penetrate, to rise above the crowd. The will of man is not shattered, but softened, bent, and guided; men are seldom forced by it to act, but they are constantly restrained from acting. Such a power does not destroy, but it prevents existence; it does not tyrannize, but it compresses, enervates, extinguishes, and stupefies a people, till each nation is reduced to nothing better than a flock of timid and industrious animals, of which the government is the shepherd.

This novel form of despotism, whose "novel features" Tocqueville here seeks to trace, I would call "egalityranny"—a love for leveling so immoderate it must be imposed by comprehensive coercion.

The struggle for the future of America is a struggle between the ideals of democratic socialists and those of democratic capitalists. There are noble people of high moral quality on both sides of this struggle, people of great imagination, energy, learning, and skill; few great conflicts in history are otherwise. Some of these people are moved by the ideals of democratic socialism, others by a system of hope, incentives, free labor, markets—in a word, by the ideals of democracy rooted in capitalism.

One difficulty for the present generation of intellectuals is that the ideals of democratic socialism are better known, more fully articulated, and more widely celebrated in scores of books. They are among intellectuals at least (particularly in the humanities and social sciences) part of the conventional wisdom. Let me cite here the main cultural organs such as the *New York Times Book Review*, the *New York Review of Books*, the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, the *New Yorker*, *Harper's*, the *Atlantic*, and cite, as well, the literary figures who review most of the books intended for the general literate public in the area of political economy: John Kenneth Galbraith, Robert Lekachman, Michael Walzer, Michael Harrington, Irving Howe, Eugene Genovese, Peter Steinfels, and a crowd of others.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By contrast, the *ideals* of democratic capitalism are seldom articulated. By and large, literary conservatives, however sour they might be about socialism, do not like capitalism either. Malcolm Muggeridge and George Will, to name but two, prefer a Tory vision. The theory of capitalism is left mostly to economists: to Friedrich Hayek, Milton Friedman, and Ludwig von Mises; or to businessmen like William Simon. (An exception must be made for Irving Kristol, a political essayist with an uncommon zest for economics and morals, who gives "two cheers" for capitalism.) The battle of ideals is, therefore, quite unequal. The ideals of democratic socialism are clear, although we have as yet no unambiguous examples of their practice. Capitalism is much criticized in practice, as it prefers to be; but its moral ideals lack contemporary statement. To say that George Gilder in *Wealth and Poverty* has singlehandedly done more in this direction than any writer for some generations would in many learned audiences evoke snickers; just as one came to expect almost universally hostile reviews in the prestigious magazines.

Nonetheless, one cannot properly speak of economics and the public interest without considering the two great rival ideals, within whose horizons political efforts are conducted. Democratic socialists have in mind an ideal society which democratic capitalists find abhorrent; possibly, the reverse is also true. Nonetheless, the ideal of democratic capitalism is seldom stated and even more rarely confronted.

III

No short essay, of course, can hope to resolve this conflict of ideals, or, perhaps, even to pose it exactly in its complexity. But let me use Poland as a case in point.

I visited Poland in December 1979, to participate in some discussions with Polish intellectuals about socialism and capitalism. This was before the birth of Solidarity, although the air was already electric with anticipation. Again, in November 1981, just before martial law was imposed upon Poland, I had an opportunity to meet with some of Solidarity's intellectual leaders in Rome. It must be said from the outset that Poland has almost no capitalist traditions. Neither the Catholic Church nor the great peasant parties have experienced the capitalist ethos. The aristocracy and the military, although sharing democratic aspirations, cherished traditions quite different from those of the commercial ethos. Neither industry nor commerce has played a large role in Polish history. On the contrary, those socialist ideals which are communitarian and almost medieval in their sensibilities have long had an almost native appeal in Poland. Solidarity did not intend to destroy socialism. Quite the opposite, its intention was to make socialism true to itself: democratic, observant of human rights, and faithful to the principles stated in the (socialist) Polish Constitution, the Helsinki Accords, and the rest.

Nonetheless, in actual practice, Solidarity kept encountering persistent roadblocks. Some of these roadblocks consisted of *ideas*. One of the key ideas of Soviet-style socialism is to convert economic power into political power. So far as possible, every employee is made to work for the state. In this way, control over jobs and wages has become a form of police power. If a Polish engineer loses his job with the state, there is no other employer that can hire him; for the rest of his life, he must cease being an engineer. In stores, restaurants, and other similar areas, customers no longer count. There is nowhere else for them to obtain similar services. Whether the business has customers or not, the wages of employees remain the same. A pronounced and visible sullenness settles over service workers.

Socialism is supposed to breed cooperativeness. In Poland, a cooperative spirit in economic matters is relatively rare. Socialism is supposed to give a sense of dignity. In Poland, there is little to achieve and little sense of accomplishment.

Solidarity discovered that threats of firing employees could be as efficient as police threats. Firing often means losing one's trade forever. Furthermore, economic reforms are virtually impossible when every economic decision must be made by central political authorities.

In Rome in November 1981, Solidarity leaders described how they were following James Madison's instruction in *The Federalist*. All desirable human rights are granted to Poles—on parchment—both in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and in the Helsinki Accords (to both of which Poland is a signatory). Yet Madison had scorned mere "parchment barriers," since the real existence of human rights is to be found in the habits of the people, in free associations able to compete under due process, and in commercial and industrial diversification. Similarly, Solidarity itself had first addressed the need for free associations of individuals, able to link themselves together in groups independent of the state and Party. Solidarity next addressed the issue of peaceful competition under due process, in a new civic "social compact" formulated at Gdansk in August 1981 and expected over time to be carried further. Now, in Rome, the intellectuals were already beginning to think about the third requirement: the need for commercial and industrial diversification.

This point was harder for them. It required a capitalist horizon. It entailed private property, private management of enterprises, competition, and markets. Its clear purpose was to break up the state monopoly of the economy. But Solidarity intended to be socialist. Socialist experiments in Hungary and Yugoslavia could be cited, at least. In particular, the immediate purpose was humanitarian. All over Poland —once a prosperous, food-exporting agricultural land, its entire flat plain a bountiful farmland (indefensible to cavalry or tank assault)—the breakdown of the agricultural system was causing shortages of dairy and other products. Children under the age of two were suffering malnutrition. Shortages of medicines and hygienic soaps afflicted clinics, hospitals, and homes. Thousands of infants were breaking out in painful rashes. The Polish intellectuals in Rome pleaded with their Western friends not only for immediate emergency shipments of infant formula and other milk products, but also for entrepreneurial and other technical assistance, in order to establish small milk-product and hygienic chemical establishments around the countryside. The aim was at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

once humanitarian and structural. Genuine democracy depends on economic liberty. A people entirely wards of the state simply lacks means to resist the state.

Some of the Polish intellectuals in Rome said wryly that they were, in a sense, reinventing the wheel. On the other hand, they also knew that they lived on the front line—the world's first nonviolent attempt to create a revolution within a Socialist State. One said they were like the early Americans, using Madison as a sort of how-to-do-it book to create a new democracy. They felt they were living on a new frontier, trying to build a genuine democracy from within a system of total state control—and trying to do so bloodlessly, gradually, with the pressure of ten million members of Solidarity (and their families) behind them, but facing the awesome power of the military, the police, and the Party, over which the massive presence of 100,000 Soviet soldiers on Polish soil presided. There were ominous heavy maneuvers to the west in East Germany, to the south in Czechoslovakia, and to the east on the Soviet frontier in Lithuania.

On December 13, 1981, most of the intellectuals who had been in Rome (six weeks earlier) were under arrest, in detention camps, whereabouts unknown. So total is socialist control that the government cut all telephone and telegraph lines, closed all gasoline stations, and halted all communications internally and with the outside world. The security forces had individual keys to each hotel room in which they arrested the sleeping leaders of Solidarity, gathered for a convention. Total control is awesome.

The lessons I draw from this vivid personal experience are not contemporary lessons about Soviet socialism. Few defenders of Soviet socialism are to be found. The myth of Moscow as the vanguard of socialism remains strong in Italy, France, Spain, and other Western countries, but even Communist Party leaders in those lands have begun to say that the impulse of the Communist revolution of 1917 has been spent, and that Moscow no longer represents socialism but naked Russian empire, aggressive beyond its borders and hopelessly mismanaged within. Rather, the lesson I draw concerns the practical dilemmas of socialism even of the democratic sort.

Like others, I have not been immune to the democratic socialist dream. Who would not like to see a sort of Utopia in which all human beings were equal, cooperative, brotherly, sharing; and in which "scandalous" inequalities of wealth and power were banished? It seems easy to move from political democracy to "economic democracy"—in theory.

Yet serious doubts arise about the democratic socialist dream whenever it is put into practice. Only a productive, inventive, growing economy provides the means not only of progressive social legislation but also of popular hope, mobility, and serendipity. Economic stagnation hurts the poor most of all. Democratic socialists stress the corruptions and faults of relatively free economies. They pay little attention to the corruption inherent in governmentally managed economies. Political power is even more prone to corruption than economic power. Political power has a further liability; it is not economically productive.

The genius of democratic capitalism of the American type is that it divides power into three systems: the political system, the economic system, and the moral-cultural system (the press, the universities, the churches, etc.). Democratic socialists wish to collapse this three-fold system into a single system of political power. By politicizing everything, they think they will achieve unprecedented liberty and equality. In practice, the politicization of all power concentrates authority and corrupts society. It invariably leads to lesser liberties for all and intensifies the power of political elites. Trying to make incomes roughly equal, it can hardly avoid insisting that opinions be roughly equal.

There are, then, two approaches to equality. In short, one ideal of equality leads in practice to hope, while of the other one must write over the portal, in Dante's words, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here." □

William H. Nolte

EVENINGS WITH THE BRIDGE FAMILY

On rereading Evan Connell's extraordinary chronicles of ordinary life.

If I were asked to choose the two novels written in the last twenty or even thirty years which I most enjoy rereading, I should without hesitation name Evan S. Connell's bittersweet portraits of the Bridge family. Just why they provide me with such delight is hard to say, but there it is: I read them from front to back every two or three years, always with the same interest and wonder. Amidst all the faultless details of the novels' landscapes one discovers that sense of the past which alone soothes the hurt of mortality. At least two of Willa Cather's novels—*My Ántonia* and *Death Comes for the Archbishop*—move me in much the same way. Such novels are more preoccupied with the significance of life than they are with its phenomena. Their trivial details seem to take on an importance that before had gone unnoticed. In Connell's highly skilled hands the commonplace is given weight and texture; he enables us to see and cherish the little markings that distinguish all of us.

As studies in character the novels have no more plot than life does. Moreover, the characters—not just the Bridges but the wide assortment of individuals with whom they come in contact—are rather ordinary in the main, solidly lodged in their social milieu, the Midwestern upper-class of the thirties. We are never surprised by anything the characters do or say, having been prepared beforehand if not to expect then at least not to doubt their actions and speech. Even as I laugh at the Bridges, and one laughs at them and not with them, I at times have the uneasy feeling that I am laughing at myself. This is particularly true in the case of Mr. Bridge, whom I cannot help liking (rather more, I suspect, than Connell does) even though I know his prejudices differ markedly from my own. But surely one can like a person without

William H. Nolte is C. Wallace Martin Professor of English at the University of South Carolina.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

being like him. While Mrs. Bridge is more sympathetically drawn than her husband, she is not therefore the more fascinating. She constantly reminds me of Madame Bovary although she could no more conceive of committing adultery than she could consider biting off the noses of her children. She is the perfect innocent, convinced that the world she inhabits is both just and stable, and perplexed when she is occasionally made to see that it is neither. Mr. Bridge, by contrast, has a knowing eye for human folly of which he is unforgiving. Or almost unforgiving. After all, he does forgive Mrs. Bridge for one day demanding that she be given a divorce since her husband didn't love her. Before he can answer she rushes into the house, he follows, finds the bedroom door locked, and so goes downstairs to the kitchen and opens a bottle of beer, convinced that "after this many years of marriage she had gone berserk." When she discovers him there this exchange takes place:

"I thought as much," she cried in a soft, fierce voice. "You've never cared for me. Just look at you! Look at yourself! Drinking beer!"

"Now for Heaven's sake, India," he said. "Stop acting ridiculous. You know perfectly well I care for you."

"I don't expect you to understand. You've never understood. Lois told me she had never seen a man so wrapped up in his own affairs. Half the time you don't know if I'm dead or alive."

"Why, that's not true," he said. "That simply is not true."

"Go right ahead," she remarked when she saw him glance at his beer, which was foaming pleasantly near the rim of the glass. "Go right ahead. I'm the last person on earth to spoil your pleasure. We can discuss the divorce after you've enjoyed yourself. I can wait. I don't mind waiting. My life has been spent waiting on you and the children. None of you have been aware of it, but that's all right. I realize you've written me off."

A couple more accusations and denials and the vignette concludes: "She never explained what he had done wrong, and after thinking quite a lot about this incomprehensible fit of hysteria he decided the best procedure was to ignore it." And it is never mentioned again.

For Mr. Bridge, life is a complex of obstacles to be overcome or, better, to be avoided. His primary concern is to make enough money in his law practice to ensure his family against physical want, and in that he is a success—the only way, I suppose, in which he might be considered successful although I hesitate to call him a failure just because of his narrow interests. Rather he resides in that gray area that contains a sizable segment of the American populace. To Mr. Bridge, living is a serious business, and one had best go about it buttoned up and with one's affairs strictly in order. An eminently civilized man, he is ever conscious of the past and hence wary of the future, a double-concern which prohibits his being aware of the present as it slides inexorably by him. As I have noted in these pages before,* his life is barren of joy. The last lines of the novel underline the fact: "He remembered enthusiasm, hope, and a kind of jubilation or exultation. Cheerfulness, yes, and joviality, and the brief gratification of sex. Gladness, too, fullness of heart, appreciation, and many other emotions. But not joy. No, that belonged to simpler minds."

Mrs. Bridge (1959) first came to my attention in the early sixties; I read *Mr. Bridge* when it was published in 1969. Both novels were widely noticed and highly praised. Since first reading *Mr. Bridge* I have read the rest of the dozen books Connell has thus far written. His two odd books of vatic meditations, as they are generally called—*Notes from a Bottle Found on the Beach at Carmel* (1963) and *Points for a Compass Rose* (1973), the second of his volumes to be nominated for a National Book Award—I dip into now and then, but I believe the two companion novels remain his greatest achievement. Hence I was pleased to learn that those volumes, which have been in and out of print for years, are now available in a new edition (in paperback with dust jackets, $7.50 each), beautifully turned out by the North Point Press of San Francisco. The same press has issued his selected stories in both hard- and soft-cover under the title of *Saint Augustine's Pigeon*. With a few exceptions, the tales fail to hold me—or anyhow do not invite more than an initial acquaintance. Certainly "The Yellow Raft," more an exercise in the art of description than a short story, sticks in the memory. In its brevity (three-and-a-half pages) it reads like an updated condensation of Stephen Crane's "The Open Boat"—minus the overt "lesson" concerning man's lonely place in an indifferent universe that Crane insists on our hearing. In place of Crane's outrage at the cosmic indifference, Connell simply describes, avoiding comment altogether. In two long paragraphs we watch a Navy fighter plane fall into the ocean, its pilot rise to the surface, catch hold of the yellow raft, and then make the necessary preparations for however long he must wait to be rescued. Several hours pass, night comes, stars emerge—and then dawn and a second day of watching and waiting. On into the afternoon of rain and storm. The paragraph ends: "When the storm ended it was night again. Slowly the constellations reappeared."

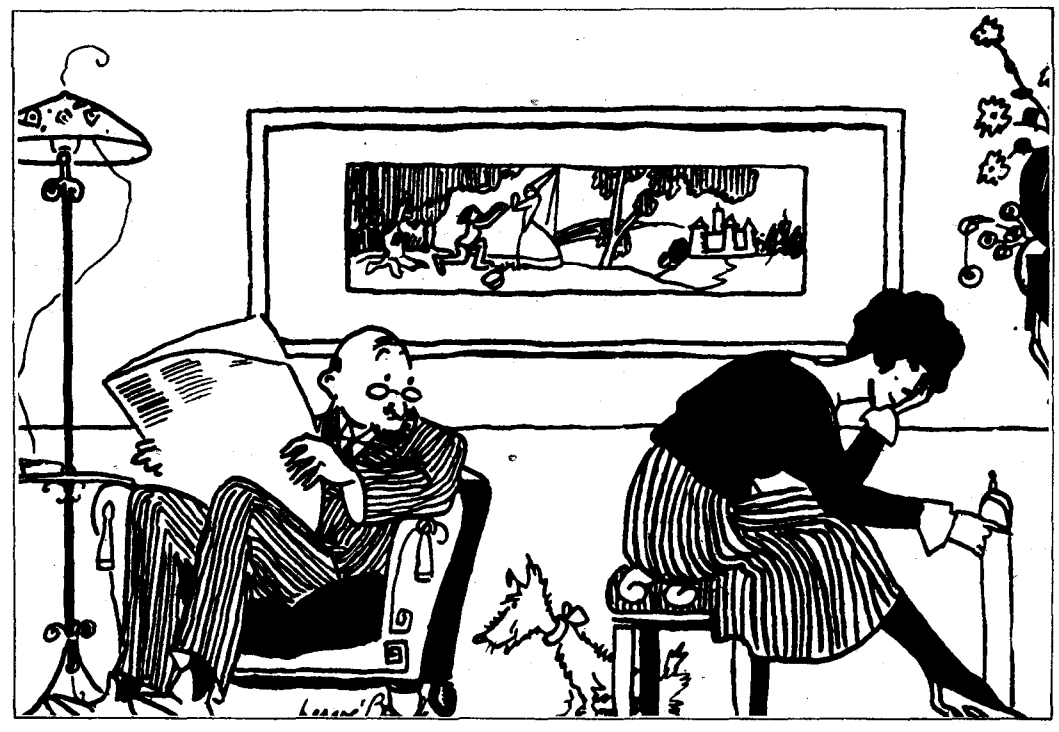
The second paragraph then begins:

At dawn, from the south, came a Catalina flying boat, a plump and graceless creation known as the PBY—phlegmatic in the air, more at home resting its deep snowy breast in the water. It approached, high and slow, and almost flew beyond the raft. But then one tremendous pale blue wing of the PBY inclined toward a yellow dot on the ocean and in a dignified spiral the flying boat descended, keeping the raft precisely within its orbit until, just above the water, it skimmed by the raft. Except for the flashlight rolling back and forth and glittering in the sunshine the yellow raft was empty.

The reader watches and listens as the precise, perfectly balanced sentences follow each other across the page. All morning the Catalina passes back and forth over the empty raft as if it were performing some ritual whose meaning has long since been forgotten. Whatever the reason for continuing the absurd vigil, it was no more senseless than the final act of the PBY (its pilot is never mentioned, which gives an added chill to this most chilling of stories). The final sentences:

The flying boat descended with ponderous dignity, like a dowager stooping to retrieve a lost glove. With a hoarse scream it passed just above the raft. A moment later, inside the blue-black hull, a machine gun rattled and the raft started bouncing on the water. When the gunfire stopped the strange dance ended; the yellow raft fell back, torn into fragments of cork and deflated rubber that stained the ocean with an iridescent dye as green as a rainbow. Then

*See William H. Nolte, "Evan Connell the Ironist," *The American Spectator*, November 1978, pp. 13-15.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Catalina began to climb. Higher and higher, never again changing course, it flew toward the infinite horizon.

One may read such things symbolically, of course; but I fail to see the least trace of a symbol—a human invention employed to stitch meaning into the fabric of human endeavor—in an event so bare of meaning. The players in this little drama are viewed from a great height, as a mere speck, as an inadvertent obtrusion against the enormous backdrop of water and sky.

There is, in fact, an essentially nihilistic quality in all of Connell's fiction—never so stridently expressed as it is in Dreiser or in the early stories and novels of Hemingway (or, for that matter, in the best work of Faulkner, written between 1929 and 1940 —that is, between *The Sound and the Fury* and *The Hamlet*). Nor is Connell ever flippant after the fashion of Vonnegut and the Black Humorists, who have always struck me as intellectually lazy and self-pitying. Connell's nihilism comes from a far deeper well and has about it a philosophic calm, similar to that of Joseph Conrad and Robinson Jeffers, two writers whom Connell at times brings to mind. Where Conrad depicted his characters as being little more than puppets in the hands of some inscrutable and infinitely ironic Force, and Jeffers (in the narrative poems) depicted his as being, more often than not, blind atoms driven by an atavistic need to destroy themselves and be damned, so Connell peoples his stories and novels with men and women who either muddle through the present, wistfully hoping tomorrow will bring a new flavor or light to their dreary lives, or else delay living in the present in order to ensure a future that, by the very nature of things, must always come too late. Recall Karl Muhlbach, whom Connell borrowed in part from Thomas Mann's Professor Cornelius in "Disorder and Early Sorrow." The protagonist of three long stories in *Saint Augustine's Pigeon* ("Arcturus," "Otto and the Magi," and the title story) and two novels, *The Connoisseur* and *Double Honeymoon,* Muhlbach is a perfect mix of sharp insight and slow wit. There is about him a stolid quality coupled with a vague discontent. Although a fully realized character, Muhlbach is too slow (I can think of no better word to describe him) to be very interesting; in fact, I find him something of a bore—as does, I daresay, his creator. This is by no means to imply that bores have no place in literature or that they may not be interesting (unlike those we encounter in our daily lives), but the interest we have in the fictional bore is generally derisory and in keeping with the author's satiric intent.

I might illustrate this distinction between the bore who simply bores, a common species, and the bore whom we cherish by returning to the Bridge novels, in which various and sundry prosers come and go, always exiting before the reader has finished laughing. In *Mrs. Bridge,* for example, there is Wilhelm Van Metre, who enlivens the chapter "Agreeable Conversation" (the chapter headings are almost invariably ironic) with one of the most hilariously boring tales I have ever read. In the seven or eight pages required to present the necessary details (and it is of course the telling of the tale rather than the tale itself that is so funny), Connell creates one of the great set pieces of modern literature. Nothing in Sinclair Lewis or Evelyn Waugh surpasses it. My favorite bore in *Mr. Bridge* is Dr. Foster, the clergyman responsible for the spiritual health of the Bridge family (he lights up a corner or two of *Mrs. Bridge* as well). Though he has no interest whatever in ghostly concerns, Mr. Bridge periodically endures Dr. Foster's sermons as a favor to his wife, who can never decide what to think of the minister. Or rather she refuses to believe what her mind and senses tell her since to believe the truth would set her apart from the other parishioners. Once a year Dr. Foster dines with the Bridges, arriving at seven and departing at ten. For Mr. Bridge the three hours are barely endurable; in fact he would sometimes excuse himself before the ten o'clock reprieve and retreat to his room where he would read "until the noise of the front door closing told him that Dr. Foster was gone for another year." Although Connell usually avoids any judgmental comment about the characters, in this instance he describes the ordeal from Mr. Bridge's point of view:

> If only the minister held some violent prejudice, no matter how preposterous, then at least he would be worth talking to. But he had no prejudice, or if he did he had buried it beneath a haystack of piety. Indeed, he was so careful not to offend anybody that he seldom offered an opinion about anything; and whatever he said, he qualified, chuckling and coughing into his fist. Bland was the word for him. He was a fifty-year-old Boy Scout. He had no more sinew than a dish of custard. He could no more be despised or hated than he could be loved or respected. He was a cross to be borne when necessary and avoided whenever possible. His ingenuous neutrality was disgusting, but principally he was a bore, that was all. He was such a bore that he was careful never to talk about himself, always about what he supposed must be interesting to other people. Sports and politics ought to interest a man, so each time he came to dinner he tried out these topics. Then he tried gardening, antique collecting, silverware, church social activities, charity drives, and P.T.A. with Mrs. Bridge. And, predictably, he made a great point of talking to the children. The only thing to be grateful for was that he had enough decency to refrain from mentioning religion.

I must say something about the Bridge children—Ruth, Carolyn, and Douglas—who naturally play important roles in both novels. For one thing, I was struck by the fact that once they had passed through the tadpole stage and into the harrowing period of pubescence they seemed to understand their parents better than their parents understood them. For all I know, this may be the case in most families everywhere, but I'm aware of few other novelists (Richard Bradford is one, as evidenced by *Red Sky at Morning*) who have so humorously and poignantly revealed that disturbing truth: disturbing since it is generally believed that understanding grows out of experience, though not very hard to believe if we but recall our own youth. Back then we were moving targets, but our parents were helplessly stationary. No wonder most of us sympathize with our parents for having had to cope with our behavior. Moreover, parental response is predictable, not necessarily intelligent but nonetheless predictable, having been shaped by habit and the tacit assumption that authority begets order, restraint, decorum, rationality—in short, civilized behavior. Though the adult may remember his Dionysian youth when uncertainty, ignorance, and irrationality conspired to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

give each new day the aspect of a world new-born, his Apollonian rage for order short-circuits his efforts to comprehend quixotic outbursts. Children are antinomians, and hence must be restrained from running amuck; parents are policemen, and hence must be gotten around.

For example, Douglas, the youngest and most delightful of the Bridge children, constantly bewilders and dismays his mother, who makes the not uncommon parental mistake of trying to get inside his mind and thus trap the animal in his lair. Douglas will have none of that, of course. Mothers may be necessary to life and perform needed services, but they must be kept in their place. They have no business in that far country where boys dig caves, climb trees, dream dreams, and decorate the landscape with once-in-a-lifetime creations. Mr. Bridge is a more formidable foe since he can recall having done the same things Douglas is now doing and hence knows that reason is a feeble stick. He first inquires, then he listens to the not very satisfactory answers, and then he commands. Mr. Bridge and Douglas and all the others live in a little world I very much enjoy revisiting.

Like the best art of whatever kind—literature, music, sculpture, painting—the Bridge novels appeal to both the imagination and the memory. In speaking of "the precious, the incommunicable past," Willa Cather at least implied that the very pastness of the past causes it to be precious. At the same time, she is saying that the past we recall most poignantly is that which is most incommunicable. And to relive or rediscover that past, one must turn to art which not only reproduces scenes and events but incites the imagination of the auditor to take part in the creative process. Keats touched on the same theme when he noted that unheard melodies are sweeter than those heard. In trying to show that the most important thing created by the literary artist is what one feels "upon the page," Miss Cather remarked: "It is the inexplicable presence of the thing not named, of the overtone divined by the ear but not heard by it, the verbal mood, the emotional aura of fact or the thing or the deed, that gives high quality to the novel or the drama, as well as to poetry itself." While reading Connell's two masterworks, I constantly feel that "inexplicable presence." □

Taki

AMERICAN WOMEN MAKE LOUSY LOVERS

Another chapter from the ugly history of American feminism by an erudite student of the venery arts.

When Helen Lawrenson wrote in *Esquire* some four decades ago that Latins are "lousy lovers," she made it clear that hers was not an embittered chauvinistic diatribe against those macho types from south of the border. It was, she said, a reaction to having been "aroused to a high pitch of indignation by hearing American men constantly maligned." Her recent death reminded me of that doughty defense of the American male, and I wondered whether an American woman today would leap to the defense of the Yankee male. The answer has to be a resounding no. Anyone familiar with the vast outpouring of bilge from America's bulldyke intelligentsia knows that today's American feminist has joined Lawrenson's oily types in ceaselessly maligning the American male.

Now I have given Miss Lawrenson's historic essay, "Latins Make Lousy Lovers," some further thought. And again I wonder: What American woman would be capable of writing such a piece today. I can't think of any. The truth is that the American woman has become a superb jogger, an amazing receptacle of vitamin pills, and the most formidable female haranguer on earth, but it is also the truth that the American woman ranks among the lousiest lovers in the world. Only an Iranian freely consenting to the *chador*

could be much worse. Despite the plethora of instructional books published almost daily on how to manipulate their bodies and the bodies of their sex partners, American women are becoming lousier lovers with each passing discussion about pleasure, ecstasy, and their belief that sex remains the principal confrontation by which to work out new values.

Every European male who has done any field research in the area is aware of the appalling condition: the more liberated the Yankee female, the lousier the lover. As a true blue friend of the USA, I regard it my duty to report these findings and to sound the alarm. After all, the problem is not confined to America. It has taken on global proportions. No resort anywhere in Europe is off limits to the American woman. Since the rise of the sexual revolution it has become all but impossible to keep her off our bar stools and out of our bedrooms. The ensuing ordeals have become a plague worse than herpes simplex number 2. I am an unabashed admirer of the fair sex. Indeed I am incapable of living without it. Yet whenever I find myself trapped in the company of liberated women I feel as if I am in the company of those greasy Cuban chauvinists Lawrenson portrayed so accurately. Only worse, much worse. Let me explain.

Taki is The American Spectator*'s new European editor.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is an accepted fact that love between humans is not merely an indulgence in carnal pleasure. It is supposedly a private sacrament, perhaps without sense, but beautiful and even noble nonetheless. A woman's romantic ideal of a man is of a strong male paying homage to her. This is no Arthurian hogwash. Tenderness toward the fair and weaker sex is romantic. Otherwise what is to separate us from the animal kingdom?

Now I can think of nothing less romantic—and therefore less sexually attractive—than today's liberated American woman. During a recent dinner with some European male friends and three American ladies I remember saying that it was a man's duty to pay for a woman, as well as to treat her with a certain respect because she was a woman. The reaction from the American females was one of surprise bordering on outrage. Just because the tendency nowadays is to take whatever tradition we've inherited and drown it in a sea of realism, this doesn't obliterate the fact that nothing could be more wrong and less attractive. By forgetting the natural order of things American women are forgetting that the most important element of the female constitution is to be sexually and spiritually attractive to the male. Perhaps that is why so many European men, yours truly included, have always found American women to be suffering from a certain desperation in their roles as women.

And it is in this particular field that the old world enjoys a tremendous advantage over the new one. Like the Latin males in Lawrenson's essay, American women see everything in terms of conquest. They are too weak to be tender and loving. This is not the case with European or Oriental women. The main reason so few of them are into self-analysis and nervous breakdowns is simple. They act out the female role. *C'est tout.* Where their careers are concerned no office prejudice or bully bothers them. Nor have they ever been kept down or awed by the grandeur of an exalted office or position. England has always had ruling queens, so did Russia until the Communist coup d'état. Ditto India and China, old and great civilizations that they were. Mrs. Thatcher, the quintessential housekeeper, mother, and homebody, was elected prime minister in a nation famous for its suppressed womanhood.

Where European women really excel, however, is in the male/female relationship. Unlike their counterparts in America, women in Europe know how to manipulate the male by allowing him to act out his macho fantasies. The art of seduction was perfected by women, not by men. The gifted English writer Anthony Haden-Guest was telling me about his most traumatic experience since landing on these shores. He had met an American girl and after a decent interval ended up in bed with her. Just before undressing, the girl turned to him and said: "You better be good or else." "I have never been more turned off," was his reaction. Although Haden-Guest's experience might be an aberration, my research indicates that this is typical of the fate of anyone who falls into the trap of the liberated American woman of today. It reminds me of those Latin lovers who compare women's talents in bed. By treating lovemaking as an athletic contest the liberated woman has managed to take all sexual pleasure out of it. A lousy lover, after all, is someone who gives no pleasure to his or her partner. Perhaps it derives from the fact that most women today in America were taught that speaking or thinking about sex was bad, and have reacted by doing the contrary. That, at least, is what the shrinks might say, but I don't buy it. What is certain is that the only thing worse than men's proverbial locker-room bragging about their conquests is hearing women discuss male sexual performance.

In her futile search for sexual perfection, the liberated woman reminds me of those muscle-bound types who desperately try to pump a bit more iron. In their feverish pursuit of Olympian sex, American women of today have replaced the Latin men of yesterday as the sexual monkeys of the world, and the worst lovers. American men, needless to say, are partly to blame. They have treated their women with such obsequiousness for so long that these women have come to see themselves as a special breed of female. When not immediately suspicious ("I know what you're after"), they think equal opportunity means taking the lead where sex is concerned. Now there is nothing a normal man finds less erotic than the severance of those bonds that have always governed the subtle give and take between the sexes. A woman who flouts that subtlety strikes me as no better than a prostitute who propositions men on the street. Too many liberated women sound as if they've been reading the *Playboy* or *Penthouse* philosophy.

Yet another sign of feminist futility has been the effort to spread the notion that men are sexually fragile and fearful of an aggressive female. Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth. When a manly fellow is confronted by a butch woman, he simply turns away and looks elsewhere for an elegant one. Some feminists see that as a sign of impotence, which is as erroneous as the notion that the Alps are flat. It's the same as when an elegant woman confronted by a slob chauvinist looks for someone else. The man who allows his woman to make him feel impotent is simply not very manly. Nothing more, nothing less.

The first American girlfriend I had was a Southern belle. She was not only very beautiful, but was also a top student and as romantic as any European. Soon after I left university and came to New York I realized how rare she was. I remember witnessing the scene of a drunken Shirley MacLaine swearing at someone who had stepped on her in El Morocco. What a difference, I thought. And it dawned on me that people were actually paying money to see that shrewish woman on the screen. American women have always been physically among the most beautiful in the world. But yet again their physical beauty detracts from their lovemaking because of their antiseptic manner. They act in an antiseptic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way and they even smell of chemicals. Take Jane Fonda. Her nasal whine transforms what is a beautiful body into an object as sexy as the Boubourg Pombidou center, that monument to physical insensibility.

The sensuous woman, the romantic female, is the opposite of the Jane Fonda stereotype. As if those granite glares and that obsessive competitiveness weren't enough, there is that dogged, hard-nosed effort to improve her physical appearance which alone could turn one off for life. If I had any advice for an American woman, I would say: Forget about becoming sensual and sexual through instruction books. Women are sensual by nature. Stop measuring your achievements against those of men and you will be surprised at how quickly they recognize your achievements. Stop being so driven, so hateful of your sex organs. Stop being hysterical and try to emulate your sisters overseas who long ago discovered something vastly superior to your unhappiness, namely: sex. Stop the hate rhetoric against men.

Speaking of the latter, what has emerged from all the bilge feminists are spouting is that American women have turned themselves into moral clones of those male chauvinists one reads about in horror stories. Worse, they have reduced sex to a physical exchange, stripping it of richness and subtlety, robbing it ultimately of all emotional value while turning it into a manipulative technique. (Shades of what Latins did to the physical exchange forty years ago?)

Given the above facts it is surprising that so few women have come out to denounce feminism as a cruel hoax. The urge for sexual solidarity is a powerful and omnipresent female yearning. But because the noblest role of all can only be that of mother and booster of the male, it must be stated that the liberated female's greatest crime has been to degrade this role, a crime no less perverse than infanticide. No wonder so few liberated women in the United States are happy. Or comfortable with men. Or laugh so little. Even Betty Friedan realized that something was amiss when she recently admitted that feminists are unhappy.

In order to illustrate how deeply puzzled and unhappy American feminists are, here are a few examples of their wisdom regarding men in general and sex in particular: The feminist novelist Marge Piercy describes a college where women seem to study only men. Needless to say, there is not a single decent man among them. They are all conceited, spoiled, callous, crass, uncouth, bullying, rapists, liars, murderers, sadists, and in general types that would be unsuitable as Gulag guards.

Mercifully, Piercy's men are fictitious, but Adrienne Rich writes nonfiction. Here's a pearl from her piece about women in a white-dominated society: "A woman is carnally hated, meant not to be merely dominated or humiliated in daily life, but beaten in bondage, forced to eat feces, her nipples rubbed raw with pincers, her body fed into a meat grinder." The only thing I, a simple Greek boy, can add to this is that Miss Rich must either have strange friends or suffer terribly from repressed desires. I don't know what she looks like but I'm turned off for life. I like my sex pure and exciting.

Another feminist writer, one Andrea Dworkin, begins an essay with this grandiose statement: "Men love death." And one does not have to possess sibylline powers to guess who men like to kill, according to Miss Dworkin. My favorite anti-male writing, however, is something I picked at random while researching this article: It is attributed to Robin Morgan. "Most of the decently married bedrooms across America are settings for nightly rape." The radical feminist attitude of today reminds me of the revolutionary message sent out by Mark Rudd and his think-alikes during the sixties. In order to strip away bourgeois inhibition one had to expunge even the slightest element of heterosexual pleasure from procreation or the sex act itself. Weatherwomen were encouraged to inseminate themselves artificially—with the sperm of homosexual men! Again, the only thing I can say is thank God for European women. Even the female terrorists in Italy have not gone so far. They may go around killing innocent people, but during their off hours they actually indulge in bourgeois customs such as making love with men they like.

Although throughout ancient Greek tragedy women might appear as helpers of men, there is also plenty of evidence of men holding women in high esteem and great affection. And throughout history there have been women who despite numerous achievements could find fulfillment only by giving birth and mothering a child. The reason Clare Boothe Luce is not the ultimate female heroine is that she is resented by her inferiors. Yet how many of today's *soi-disant* talented women and feminists can claim her achievements? Mrs. Luce was a successful editor, playwright, member of Congress, and ambassador besides being rich and famous and never allowing any of it to go to her head. For all that, this remarkable woman has always described herself as a housewife, and admits that despite all the intellectual stimulation of her various careers, the thing that mattered most was "a good strong arm you can really lean on and talk."

I don't know Clare Luce but I bet her husband found her one of the best lovers imaginable. I know I would if I had met her. Her femininity guarantees it. Romantic women have always been "man-related." Women see romance as their justification and their security. Those oppressed Victorian women who broke out of their confinement did not blame man for the secondary role of women in medicine, science, and government. Florence Nightingale not only did not hold it against men when the medical profession closed its doors to her, but after becoming successful made a point of writing about the lack of cooperation shown her by women employed in that field. She would be the first to denounce the blatant aggressiveness of modern feminists as an insult to women's intelligence. Ditto Jane Austen, the Brontës, George Eliot, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, to name but a few. →

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I suspect that what lurks behind feminist thinking is a fear of failure and a reluctance to compete on equal terms with men in the artistic and business fields. Unlike the Luces and the Thatchers of this world, feminists have discovered the perfect subterfuge. Personally, I don't mind what they do with their little neuroses, but I do mind their becoming such lousy lovers out of hate and bitterness. (I especially enjoy the hate militant feminists show for such devoted and successful wives as Nancy Reagan and Pat Nixon. Envy breeds hate.)

And where will it all take them? That is hard to predict, but I do have one solution. Unless American women shape up and begin acting like women should, all suffering and embattled American males should pull a Lysistrata in reverse and begin replacing not their cars but their wives with European models. □

Julian L. Simon

THE FARMER AND THE MALL: ARE AMERICAN FARMLANDS DISAPPEARING?

The eco-freaks in our government say yes, but Julian L. Simon says beware of the next political scam.

• Robert Lam, a schoolteacher in Springville, Iowa, owns and operates an 80-acre farm. He wants to give a one-acre lot to each of his four children "to help me farm evenings and weekends and to have a lifestyle we have all worked for." But Linn County is considering enacting a law that would require Lam to pay a $50 fee and receive county permission to give the lots to his children to build on. "It goes against my grain to have to say 'Please may I do this with the land,'" he says.

• State Representative Richard Mugalian was delighted to chair the zoning committee of the Illinois House of Representatives. He had always been interested in urban zoning issues, and he thought this would be a chance to put some of his ideas to work. But he soon found the committee's preoccupation with preventing farmland conversion made it difficult to get the committee to attend to any urban zoning issues at all.

• The Reifsteck family owns as good a piece of potential heavy-industry development land as exists in Champaign County, Illinois. It abuts on a railroad siding, is very close to the intersection of two interstate highways, is next to an area already being used for heavy industry, and is even located so that the prevailing winds would blow any odors away from town. The proposed development was opposed in hearings before the zoning commission and the city council by people who claim that the development would mean a loss of prime farmland vital to the nation and the world. Some spoke of possible starvation in the future. Others simply said it is not right to take some of the most fertile land in the world and pave it over, even if this would increase the value and output of that land.

• Victor and Margot Sturm of Princeton Township, Illinois, who raise Arabian horses, requested a zoning change from agricultural to rural estate for a 2.5-acre homesite. There was agreement that the land is wet and hence hardly prime for farming. And the Sturms even offered to put in a special septic system. A letter with eleven signatures, however, objecting to the conversion of "prime farmland," caused the request to be tabled by the County Zoning Board despite being approved by the County Planning Commission, the County Zoning Board of Appeals, and the County Board's zoning committee.

• And then there are these headlines from a sampling of recent newspaper and magazine stories: "Vanishing Farmlands: Selling Out The Soil" (*Saturday Review*); "Farmland Losses Could End U.S. Food Exports" (*Chicago Tribune*); "As World Needs Food, U.S. Keeps Losing Soil to Land Developers" (*Wall Street Journal*); "The Peril of Vanishing Farmlands" (*New York Times*); not to mention the many other stories from the *Christian Science Monitor,* Gannett News Service, and the Associated Press, typically reprinted with alarmist headlines in the smaller newspapers across the country.

One of the main agents in whipping up this scare about "vanishing" farmland has been the National Agricultural Lands Study (NALS), a creature of the Carter Administration. And the scare has not departed with the arrival of Ronald Reagan. Secretary of Agriculture John Block is on record as agreeing with this product of the Carter years, referring to the loss of agricultural land as "a crisis in the making," similar to the energy situation ten years ago. NALS "has built a strong case for protecting good agricultural land," he says.

The heart of the NALS case is that farmland—and particularly cropland, as distinct from pasture, forest, and other farmland—is being urbanized at an unprecedented rate. This claim is being fueled by false statistical assertions. The likely rate is only about *a third* of the amount claimed by the National Agricultural Lands Study, a rate probably no greater but rather less than in the past, and certainly not three times the rate in the recent past as claimed by NALS.

Before considering this data on farmland

Julian L. Simon is Professor of Economics and Business Administration at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. His two most recent books are The Ultimate Resource *and* The Economics of Population Growth.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conversion in greater detail, a glance at related trends in land use should dispel some of the false perceptions currently obscuring the issue: 1.) *The quantity of food.* U.S. food production has been going up by leaps and bounds. 2.) *The price of food.* The long-run price of food, as measured in the hours of labor that a given quantity of food costs, shows that with each successive year less and less work has been required to buy a bushel of corn; that is, a smaller proportion of our income has been needed to buy farm output with each passing year. And even compared with other products, as measured by the Consumer Price Index, the price of food has not been going up and probably has dropped 3.) *Trees.* The amount of wood being grown in the U.S. has been on the rise rather than on the decline in recent years; the forest acreage has about stabilized. 4.) *Recreation land.* The amount of land set aside for recreation has increased, and with it visits to these areas have increased sharply. 5.) *Housing.* Americans enjoy more and better housing than in the past. 6.) *Wetlands.* Perhaps most amazing is that even the amount of "wetlands"—what used to be called swamps—is increasing, even though environmentalists have been lamenting its purported decline. 7.) *Cropland.* The trend here is astonishing: U.S. croplands have been clearly increasing rather than decreasing. According to the reliable Crop Reporting Board, after a drop, the amount of cropland harvested rose from just over 290 million acres during the mid-1960s and the early-1970s, to around 340 million acres by the end of the 1970s. Furthermore, each year more new cropland is reclaimed from irrigating deserts and draining swamps ("wetlands") than is "paved over."

To recognize that we live in a world of scarcities is not news. What *is* news is that with respect to all these farmland-related goods and services our situation has been getting better rather than worse. Today, there is less scarcity rather than more—in *all* respects.

The NALS people do not deny that the trends described above (aside from cropland) are correctly represented. What they argue, however, is that the recent rate of farmland conversion marks a major break with the past; in other words, that recent history is fundamentally different from that of earlier decades. Specifically, they claim that the farmland conversion rate has jumped from less than one million acres in 1967 to around three million acres a year.

This three-million-acre figure is a political scam. Its only apparent support is a faulty Soil Conservation Service re-survey in 1975 of a small portion of the observation points used in a 1967 survey, a sampling which proved much too small to be reliable: Only about 55 of the re-survey points represented agricultural land that had become urbanized and less than 20 of these were cropland. Together with Seymour Sudman in the *International Regional Science Review,* I have analyzed some of the major procedural problems with the re-survey, most stemming from the fact that the re-survey was intended to throw light not on farmland losses but on conservation practices.

The three-million-acre figure, moreover, is contradicted by all other available evidence. A U.S. Geological Survey that compared its aerial photography data on land conversion with the Soil Conservation Service materials in four test states revealed major errors in the SCS findings stemming from misclassification and simple blunders. The three-million-acre claim is as preposterous as any "official" statistic ever rushed into print. The true figure, as we shall see, is one-third or less of that figure—about one million acres per year, which is at or below the average for the decades since 1950. This represents only a microscopic proportion of U.S. land; *total* urbanized land in the United States is less than three percent. Furthermore, only a portion of the one million acres converted annually is cropland, the rest being pasture, wasteland, and so on.

Now NALS asserts that the amount of cropland—especially "prime" cropland—constitutes the ultimate public interest in the discussion. Thus, when Census of Agriculture figures published late in 1980 showed that cropland had been rising from 1974 to 1978, NALS quickly arranged for, and widely publicized, an adjustment purporting to show that this increase in cropland was in fact the result of underreporting in earlier years, an adjustment very large relative to the other magnitudes involved. As soon as NALS began to publish its claims of increases in the rate of land urbanization, critics inside and outside NALS asserted that such claims were unfounded. NALS management responded by applying personal pressure on insiders, and employed various bureaucratic tactics to confute outsiders: I shall describe one of these moves, one which I know firsthand.

In 1979 the Illinois Farmers Home Administration of the USDA publicized a "loss of 100,000 agricultural acres every year" in Illinois, and on July 22, 1980 Governor James Thompson issued an Executive Order for Preservation of Illinois Farmlands, citing this 100,000-acre figure. Then along came data from a 1978 Census of Agriculture, which showed substantial cropland increases rather than decreases for Illinois (and the U.S. as a whole) since 1974. Dale McLaren of the Greater Wabash Regional Planning Commission wrote about the increase in the Mt. Carmel Newspapers and brought it to my attention, and as a result we wrote about it in the *Wall Street Journal.* Here is how the *Journal of Soil and Water Conservation* describes what happened next:

> Ironically, the new information came out of a feud between the Illinois Department of Agriculture and Julian Simon, a University of Illinois economics professor. Simon has argued in a number of popular articles that environmentalists have produced "an oversupply of false bad news" about the state of the planet. Citing figures from the Census of Agriculture that showed an increase in the amount of land in farms [author's note: McLaren and I wrote about cropland, not farmland] in Illinois, Simon dismissed farmland preservation as "scare-mongering."
>
> "We were also confronted at the national level by experts in the field who contended the 1974 and 1978 census showed about an 8-million-acre increase in the land in farms [nationally]," said [NALS officials] Gray and Benbrook. "On this basis, they questioned what all the fuss over conversion was about."
>
> Simon's assertions did not sit so well with Illinois agriculture officials. They decided to contact the Bureau of Census in Washington because they could not believe that land in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

farms had increased. The Bureau responded that the 1969 and 1974 censuses had underenumerated land in farms. Revised figures showed that between 1974 and 1978 Illinois' land in farms had declined by 425,000 acres. The earlier figures had shown a 639,000 acre increase.

"When we became aware of the underenumeration problem in Illinois, we made our own inquiries and were told that similar adjustments were needed nationwide," said Gray and Benbrook.

The result: The latest data show a national decline of 88 million acres in land in farms between 1969 and 1978—an annual rate of 9.8 million acres . . .

In other words, the Census Agriculture Division and NALS produced "adjusted" figures apparently based on a definition change between the 1969 and 1978 censuses, plus an allowance for farms not included in the 1978 census. But upon inspection, the adjustment could be seen to be as full of holes as Swiss cheese. And eventually the Census of Agriculture revealed detailed data on the appropriate adjustment showing that land in Illinois farms and in cropland indeed increased from 1974 to 1978.

Corroborating evidence came from the yearly data from the Crop Reporting Board, where no such adjustments are involved, showing substantial increases in Illinois cropland in recent years. After the episode was over, Arnold Bollenbacher, Chief of the Agriculture Division of the Bureau of the Census, summed up in a letter, "Even with some decrease in total land in farms, cropland increased in Illinois and in the United States."

This episode seems to show a determined urge on the part of NALS to disseminate data showing loss of cropland irrespective of the facts.

The preoccupation with the loss of "prime land" seems to involve a fundamental misunderstanding of economic principles. Take the example of a new shopping mall, called Market Place, near Champaign-Urbana, Illinois. Wonderful though this Illinois land is for growing corn and soybeans, it has greater value to the economy as a shopping center, which is why the mall investors could pay the farmer enough to make it worthwhile for him to sell.

Suppose that the corn-and-soybeans farmer who owned the land sold it instead to the producer of an exotic new crop called, say, "whornseat," a hybrid of corn and wheat. The land would be more productive growing whornseat than corn, as shown by the higher profits the whornseat farmer would make as compared with the corn and soybeans farmer, and as shown also by the higher price the whornseat farmer is willing to pay for the land. Under these conditions, no one would ever argue that the land should be required to remain in the production of corn and soybeans.

A shopping mall is similar to a whornseat farm. It *seems* different, however, because the mall does not use the land for agriculture. Yet economically there is no real difference between the mall and whornseat farming.

One may say: "Why not put the shopping mall on inferior wasteland that cannot be used for corn and soybeans?" The mall owners would be delighted to find and buy such land—so long as it were equally convenient for shoppers. But there is no such wasteland close to town. And "wasteland" far away from Champaign-Urbana is like land that is not fertile for whornseat—the former will not produce whornseat and the latter will not produce shoppers.

Some may argue that we should "keep our options open," because "paving is irreversible." In fact, it is not. But more important, however, is that keeping options open costs us real resources. Stockpiling food in your basement in case of possible calamity may be wise, but you lose the use of the money tied up in the food inventory. So it is with farmland: If it is kept from other uses, no other benefits are derived in the meantime. These benefits must be greater than we can get from farmland in agriculture, or investors would not be willing to convert the land from farmland to other uses.

Muddled economics aside, what has led so many people to worry about the conversion of farmland? For many, farmland preservation is a front for other concerns as Pierre Crosson has pointed out: "Some who argue for preservation of agricultural land to protect productive capacity do so to cloak purely private interests, e.g., some farmers in metropolitan areas who seek to have their land taxed at its value in agriculture rather than at its value in urban uses." This group has had particular success in achieving favorable zoning laws in such Eastern states as New York, where farmers have obtained lower tax rates for land used for farming at the same time that they have retained the right to sell the land for other uses.

But more important, Crosson notes, "Some of those ostensibly concerned with the adequacy of land as a factor of agricultural production are really concerned about it as a source of amenity values." It is no accident that much of the push for farmland "preservation" has arisen in such states as Connecticut which are not exactly the nation's granary. It is natural enough for gentry to want to view bucolic fields rather than tacky housing developments from their front windows. But the rest of us should not have to pay the price.

Finally, Crosson explains why the amenity issue is never discussed openly:

. . . If much of the concern about the adequacy of agricultural land is really concern with preservation of amenity values rather than of production capacity, why is the discussion typically cast in terms of [productive] capacity? Why are the amenity [esthetic] issues and the capacity issues not treated separately, as they should be? One cannot be sure, but two reasons come to mind. One is muddled thinking, a simple failure to recognize that agricultural land provides both commodity values and amenity values, but not in fixed proportions. The other reason is that maintenance of capacity is more likely to enlist political support for preservation of agricultural land than main-

(*continued on page 40*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRESSWATCH

BITTER OVER VINOCUR

by Fred Barnes

Conservatives who regard the *New York Times* as dangerously and unshakeably liberal should, for the sake of balance and fairness, consider a recent attack on John Vinocur, the paper's correspondent in West Germany. The fusillade came in the June 6 issue of the *Village Voice,* the trendy, leftist weekly, and was written by Alexander Cockburn, known to many for his stylishly written but painfully predictable columns in the *Wall Street Journal.* Social Democrats will be relieved by Vinocur's transfer to France, Cockburn said, quoting one as contending "that three-quarters of the tensions between Bonn and Washington had been caused by Vinocur's reports."

And that's only for starters, according to Cockburn. "Over recent years Vinocur has kept up a steady flow of dispatches, platitudinous, stereotypical, crammed with innuendoes, racist in general about Germans and Scandinavians, and especially hostile to the German Social Democrats, the peace movement and the Swedish socialists," Cockburn wrote. "Sometimes the speed of his reactions is highly comical, though sinister in intent. Scarcely had Kennan, McNamara, et al. testified in favor of a U.S. 'no first use' commitment on nuclear weapons before Vinocur hastily mustered a couple of West Germans to say this would be a lousy idea and highly detrimental to Western security." In short, Vinocur mixes "journalistic adroitness and ideological conservatism."

Hmmmm. Ideological conservatism at the *New York Times*? To find if this beast had indeed slouched into the *Times* through the wily writing of Vinocur, I perused his stories during the ten days in June that President Reagan was in Europe. What was there, not surprisingly, was something different from full-blooded conservatism. Rather, it was old-fashioned skepticism, that habit of mind that reporters are supposed to follow in judging events and listening to the words of the mighty. And the problem for Cockburn, I suspect, is that Vinocur is skeptical about some of his sacred cows, including what Vinocur has characterized as "groups that call themselves the peace movement" and "people describing themselves as environmentalists."

Take the demonstration in Bonn on June 10, the day that Reagan and other leaders of NATO countries conferred in that city. Vinocur suggested that the crowd of several hundred thousand evinced "a summer-in-the-fun feeling" that contrasted with the severe anti-Reagan, anti-NATO rhetoric of the rally's organizers, one of which, he noted, was the West German Communist Party. "Without exception, the speeches were concerned with United States and NATO armament programs," he wrote. "Soviet missiles aimed at Western Europe were not described as threats by either of two retired generals, Gert Bastian of West Germany and M.H. von Meyenfeldt of the Netherlands, who talked to the crowd. Rather, the Soviet Union was praised for its offer of a deployment moratorium, an offer that, NATO says, would only freeze its superiority in some areas." Another speaker, Vinocur wrote, was "a member of the World Peace Council, which has been described as a Soviet-front organization."

The day before the NATO session, Vinocur offered a "news analysis" on the "active and extremely emotional" opposition to Reagan in West Germany, an opposition that Chancellor Helmut Schmidt "has played an important role" shaping. "Personal distaste for Mr. Reagan is often expressed in terms of revulsion," Vinocur wrote. One reason for the strong feeling, he said, is that "the West German left lacked an easily identifiable foe. Another suggests that the opposition does not have so much to do with Mr. Reagan, but rather represents resistance to overall American policy."

Vinocur also pointed out, in the Sunday "Week in Review" section on June 6, Schmidt's flip-flop on "peace" protests, a switch born of political fright. Last summer, Schmidt said a demonstration was manipulated by Communists and should have steered some of its criticism toward the Soviets. "This time, the frontal approach has been abandoned and Mr. Schmidt is dealing with the demonstrations by paraphrasing Voltaire: I may not agree with what you say but I defend to the death your right to do it," Vinocur wrote. Schmidt dismissed a pro-Reagan demonstration in Bonn as superfluous, Vinocur said, and "in a further display of diplomatic understatement, Mr. Schmidt described a bomb blast at an American installation in West Germany early last week as 'no grounds for upset.'"

Given such clear-eyed reporting, without the usual reverence for America's critics, it's no wonder Cockburn is dismayed. "Within the *Times* Vinocur is regarded as a comer," he wrote. Unless Vinocur goes "into direct government service," his brand of reporting "should send him far with the *NYT,*" Cockburn complained. Fans of fair-minded, skeptical reporting can imagine worse things happening. §

Fred Barnes is National Political Reporter for the Baltimore Sun.

In the old days of soaring inflation, perhaps there were newspaper and television stories reporting that it was a double-edged sword, hurting some folks but helping others. Maybe the evening news shows, in between their regular forays into grocery stores where prices were rising relentlessly, pointed out that debtors gained from inflation. Maybe it was reported that land speculators were doing quite well. Maybe it's just that I don't remember all those stories.

In any case, since inflation began cooling, both newspapers and TV correspondents have made sure we know that this is not an unmixed blessing. Inflation, they almost seem to be saying, is bad when it rises and bad when it falls. For instance, Caroline Atkinson of the *Washington Post* wrote in June that "lower inflation is good news when you're buying, but bad news when you're selling, and for most of U.S. industry the bad news is now outweighing the good." Sure, she noted, "companies benefit when the prices they have to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pay for raw materials fall or rise less rapidly. But that gain can be offset when they have to hold down their own prices."

Fine. It's hard to argue with that story, even if it was written by a reporter who specializes in harpooning both Reaganomics and supply-side economics, which, of course, aren't quite the same thing. Legitimate objections can be lodged, though, over a report on the "CBS Evening News" with Dan Rather about March's dip in the inflation rate. "There may be a surprise for many people in today's lower figures," said economics editor Ray Brady. "The incomes of roughly half the nation are tied directly to the consumer price index. And when it goes down, as it did today, so do their incomes. Some examples. Social Security: the exact amount of the drop in payments won't be known for another 30 days, but it's estimated that while last year's checks went up 11.7 percent, the lower inflation rate means those payments will go up only 7.5 percent this year."

The problem here is that there will be no "drop" in payments, though a smaller increase in the cost-of-living adjustment will occur. More significant, however, was the omission of the matter of purchasing power. If Social Security recipients get less of an increase in their checks this year, it is only because prices didn't rise as steeply as the previous year. But the purchasing power of this year's check is the same as last year's.

This story is a reflection of CBS's tough, critical reporting on the recession and on Reagan's economic program. The CBS approach has prompted from political writer Walter Karp a characterization that, if uncorked by some Reagan partisan, would probably be denounced as another paranoid, right-wing delusion. "There was no doubt where *CBS Evening News* stood on the recession and Reaganomics," Karp wrote in *Channels* magazine. "By mid-January its coverage of hard times had grown powerful, persistent, and grimly eloquent. Shadows of the Great Depression haunted CBS News: frightened old people, huddling at a hot meal center; poor children deprived of school lunches; unemployed young men crowding soup kitchens; victims of budget cuts; victims of hard times; victims of Reagan. Unlike NBC, CBS made no bones of its conviction that Reagan's economic policies were a failure, and a cruel failure at that. Alarmist abroad, compassionate at home, CBS revealed a political character. . . . It represented, with considerable skill and éclat, the Cold War liberalism of the Democratic party . . . CBS News is virtually a party organ."

That, needless to say, is wildly exaggerated; CBS, after all, is the network that was blamed in the fall of 1979 for allegedly picking on Teddy Kennedy. And veterans of Jimmy Carter's White House don't look back fondly on CBS coverage of their man. But Karp was even-handed in his sweeping characterizations. ABC, he wrote, "has cast its lot with Reagan and the Republican right. . . . Like most of Reagan's right-wing supporters . . . ABC News has expressed its disappointment with Reagan's foreign policy: Bellicose words have not been translated into bellicose deeds." And NBC? "Old-fashioned Midwestern Republicanism, upright, decent, and cautious; such was the political character of *NBC Nightly News*, which aptly enough, is the most popular network news show in the Middle West. The network's conservative treatment of economic affairs confirmed this in a dozen ways. . . . Like most Republicans, NBC News seemed determined to give Reagan's economic program 'a chance': it made no effort to link the recession to Reagan's policies." §

Take any 4 books for

They're yours with membership in the Conservative Book Club, and your agreement to buy 4 more books over the next 2 years at regular Club prices (*which always mean nice savings*).

2136 NANCY -- *Bill Libby & Nancy Reagan.* Our favorite First Lady. **$9.95**

2102 FREE TO CHOOSE -- *Milton & Rose Friedman.* Bestselling exposition of why freedom works better. **$9.95**

2210 SAFIRE'S WASHINGTON -- *Wm. Safire.* America's hottest columnist. "Delicious potshots at liberal pols." — *Publishers Weekly.* **$15.00**

2242 EDMUND BURKE AND HIS WORLD -- *A.P. Miller.* Superior introduction to the man and his thought. **$12.95**

2253 THE EISENHOWER DIARIES. More conservative than his policies. **$19.95**

2298 PRESIDENTIAL ANECDOTES -- *P.F. Boller.* From Washington on. "Robust, entertaining ... compulsive reading." — *Publishers Weekly.* **$14.95**

0413 AMERICAN CAESAR: Douglas MacArthur, 1880-1964 -- *Wm. Manchester.* "As fine a piece of military biography as anything in our history." — *Chicago Sun-Times.* Startling revelations; controversial. 110 photos, maps. **$15.00**

0429 THE THIRD WORLD WAR: August 1985 --*Gen. Sir John Hackett.* Gripping scenario. Bestseller. **$12.95**

0437 THE RIGHT STUFF -- *Tom Wolfe.* Stylish bestseller about the astronauts. "Superb." — *NY Times.* **$12.95**

0498 THE PLIGHT OF THE ENGLISH -- *B. Cottle.* Are you making these mistakes? **$7.95**

2167 AMERICAN HYMNS, OLD AND NEW. Over 600 hymns, 17th-20th century, in 2 handsome volumes of 1,484 pages. Words and music, plus background of composers. *Counts as 2 books.* **$55.00**

2291 WINSTON CHURCHILL AND HIS INNER CIRCLE -- *J. Colville.* By his private secretary. **$13.95**

2292 THE REAGAN REVOLUTION -- *Evans & Novak.* Top news team, best report on the great breakthrough. **$12.75**

2282 PAPER MONEY -- *"Adam Smith"* Bestseller and "quite simply the best exposition available to the general reader." -- *Time.* **$14.95**

0544 THE JOYFUL CHRISTIAN -- *C.S. Lewis.* 127 memorable selections from the premier religious writer of our time. **$7.95**

2223 THE SWEETHEART OF THE SILENT MAJORITY -- *C. Felsenthal.* Respectful portrait of Phyllis Schlafly, up close. **$13.95**

2020 SAFIRE'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY -- *Wm. Safire.* "Witty, devilish, erudite...the perfect political lexicographer." -- *NY Times.* "Definitive; also fun." -- James J. Kilpatrick, *Human Events.* **$15.95**

2280 THE TIME OF STALIN -- *A.V. Antonov-Ovseyenko.* By a survivor of the bloodiest butcher in history, "a priceless contribution...history in the raw." -- Robert Conquest. Rare photos. **$19.95**

2250 THE CONSERVATIVE MIND -- *Russell Kirk.* 6th Edition of the classic that launched today's conservative movement. **$16.95**

2155 THE BRETHREN -- *B. Woodward & S. Armstrong.* #1 bestseller reveals the foibles of the Supreme Court, from the inside. **$13.95**

2159 WILL -- *G. Gordon Liddy.* Brutally frank, bestselling autobiography. "Most striking...is what it reveals about the kind of man who will do anything to stop those he sees as his country's enemies." -- *Time.* **$13.95**

2156 $10 WILDCAT -- *J. P. Allenbright.* How to play the U.S. Government's oil and gas lease lottery. **$14.95**

2264 THE DEATH OF INNOCENCE -- *S. Janus.* How the Sexual Revolution claims its first victims —our children. *For mature readers only.* **$12.95**

2290 NEVER COMPLAIN, NEVER EXPLAIN -- *Victor Lasky.* "Hard-hitting biography lifts the veil on Henry Ford II and his company as no other book has done." -- *John Barkham Reviews.* **$13.95**

2255 HOW TO LIMIT GOVERNMENT SPENDING --*Aaron Wildavsky.* Don't let them tell you it can't be done. Here's how. **$11.95**

2226 CHURCH IN FRENZY -- *Rev. W.V. Rauscher.* Chilling look at the outrages that are passing for Christianity. **$9.95**

2188 DO IT YOURSELF AND SAVE MONEY! Over 500 ideas from the editors of *Consumer Guide.* **$14.95**

2249 THE NEW RIGHT: WE'RE READY TO LEAD --*Richard A. Viguerie; introduction by Jerry Falwell* "A blueprint for a peaceful revolution, nothing less than a rebuilding of the American republic." -- Sen John East. **$8.95**

2269 HOW TO STAND UP FOR YOUR RIGHTS & WIN! -- *Roy Cohn.* Advice from one of the sharpest lawyers. **$13.95**

2120 THE FOURTH MAN -- *A. Boyle.* Burgess, Maclean, Philby -- and the fourth top British spy was Anthony Blunt, exposed here. **$12.95**

2139 YOU CAN MAKE THE DIFFERENCE -- *Lee Edwards.* New edition of the conservative action handbook. **$14.95**

2244 THE HILL OF SUMMER -- *Allen Drury.* Will this sizzling novel of crisis with the Communists prove as prophetic as his others? **$14.95**

2184 PANICS & CRASHES: How You Can Make Money from Them -- *Harry D. Schultz.* Revised and updated. **$12.95**

2195 THE TAX-EXEMPT FOUNDATIONS -- *W.H McIlhany II.* Rockefeller, Ford, Carnegie, etc., and the mischief they do. Lavishly documented. **$20**

0397 THE GULAG ARCHIPELAGO 3 -- *Solzhenitsyn.* "Among the few gigantic literary achievements of this age." -- *Book World.* "Enthralling." --*Time.* **$16.95**

2266 FOR THE RECORD: Selected Statements, 1977-1980 -- *Henry Kissinger.* He sounds tougher out of office. **$12.95**

2112 THE INVISIBLE VICTIM -- *R. Reiff.* The thug gets better treatment than the person he bloodied **$11.95**

2133 THE COMING CREDIT COLLAPSE -- *A. Paris* New edition of the book that tells you how to protect yourself if the house of cards comes tumbling down **$12.95**

2138 THE CONSERVATIVE DECADE -- *J.C Roberts; foreword by Ronald Reagan.* The people who made the Reagan Revolution. **$14.95**

2185 THE AMERICAN ESTABLISHMENT -- *L. Silk & M. Silk.* Revealing data on CFR, Ford Foundation, *NY.Times,* Brookings, Harvard, other powerhouses —even though the writers are Establishment themselves. **$13.95**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The press blew the 1980 presidential campaign, so mesmerized was it by behind-the-scenes maneuvering and media blitzes and those undying favorites of political reporters, blunders and gaffes. While the press concentrated on such ephemera, the voters were struggling to learn a bit about the issues and where the candidates stood on them. And in the end, the voters went with the guy who espoused the most coherent, appealing set of ideas—Reagan.

That critique of the Reagan-Carter race may sound like Lyn Nofziger's, but he's not responsible. The author is Jeff Greenfield, a columnist, commentator on CBS, and former associate of political consultant David Garth. Greenfield, who is no conservative, may be the most trenchant, iconoclastic, and compelling political analyst in the country. Almost alone, he thinks ideas matter in campaigns. Thus, his column in May on Republican Jeffrey Bell's gallant but unsuccessful bid to wrest the New Jersey Senate nomination from Millicent Fenwick was a bouquet. He didn't endorse Bell's supply-side proposals, but cheered his insistence on stressing issues in his TV commercials.

"Jeff Bell's campaign has demonstrated once again the simpleminded quality of the perennial attacks on political commercials," Greenfield wrote. "No, they do not have to 'substitute slogans for substance.' The candidate for office who wants to can use paid media not to disguise ideological differences, but to highlight them. . . . It's the job of a citizen to watch and to listen and to choose among competing voices. In New Jersey, voters will be able to choose between two sharply different voices. And, from this liberal corner, a tip of the hat to a conservative whose campaign is actually helping the voters to make such a choice."

Greenfield's skewering of the press coverage of the 1980 presidential campaign comes in his new book, *The Real Campaign*.* Political reporting on television and in newspapers missed the point of the campaign, he says, and had little influence on the outcome:

> The victory of Ronald Reagan was a political victory, a party victory, a victory of more coherent—not necessarily correct, but more coherent—ideas, better expressed, more connected with the reality of their lives, as Americans saw it, than those of Reagan's principal opponents, a victory vastly aided by a better-funded, better organized, more confident and united party. . . . The failure of the mainstream press, and especially television, to recognize the nature of this campaign stemmed in large measure from the media's fascination with itself as a political force, and from its fundamental view that politics is more image than substance; that ideas, policies, positions, and intentions are simply the wrappings in which a power struggle takes place.

Strong stuff, huh? Reporters were so obsessed with tactics that it had become "something of a heresy to suggest that what the candidates were saying was actually of overriding importance," Greenfield contends. ". . . The press's insistence that the struggle for power and position is all that matters, and that the 'who's ahead' question is far more important than boring questions of ideas helped mislead the press about the one question it cares most about—who is going to win?" Otherwise, the press might have figured out that Reagan was going to win handily.

I admit to having committed most of the sins that Greenfield quite accurately cites. But I plead innocent to one of them—attributing Reagan's success to his acting skills, his flair for looking good on TV. "An analysis that attempts to demonstrate Reagan's nominating victory as a consequence of either his media skills or his coverage by the media would fail

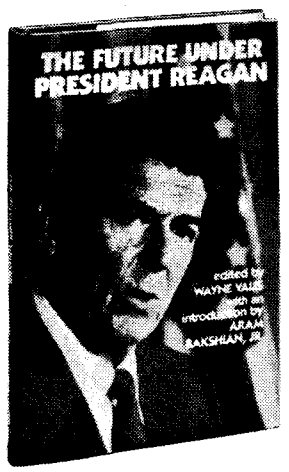
*Summit Books, $15.95.

44 cents!

Values to $112.90!

The first team is back at CBC. We want to welcome you back too. Hence this offer — the most generous in Club history. Which 4 books do you want for 44 cents? That's right — 11 cents each!

EXTRA FREE BOOK!



If you join under this "best ever" Club offer, we'll include a FREE copy of the $12.95 book, *The Future Under President Reagan.* Congressman Jack Kemp, General Daniel Graham, Aram Bakshian, Jr., Wayne Valis and ten more experts project what we can expect through 1984 (or 1988), at home and abroad.

2294 MORNINGS ON HORSEBACK -- *David McCullough.* "A bully biography" of Teddy Roosevelt. -- *Chicago Tribune.* Photos. **$19.95**

0364 DOUBLE YOUR MONEY EVERY 3 YEARS --*Gerald Appel.* Famed consultant leads you thru the financial supermarket. Oversized. **$25**

2220 PAVED WITH GOOD INTENTIONS -- *Barry Rubin.* History of U.S.-Iran relations by a hostage. **$17.50**

2150 FISHBEIN'S ILLUSTRATED MEDICAL & HEALTH ENCYCLOPEDIA. 992 big pages. Illustrated. A-to-Z format for fast lookup. **$19.95**

2002 HARVARD HATES AMERICA -- *John LeBoutillier.* Young conservative Congressman recalls his alma mater's assaults on patriotism. **$7.95**

2088 HOW YOU CAN PROFIT FROM GOLD -- *James E. Sinclair & Harry D. Schultz.* Updated edition. **$14.95**

2004 THE PENNY CAPITALIST: How to Build a Small Fortune from Next to Nothing -- *A. Horatio.* Scores of ways plain people can enjoy small windfalls. **$10**

2014 THE COMING REAL ESTATE CRASH -- *J.W. English & G.E. Cardiff.* Required reading if you're an owner. **$12.95**

2258 ALLENDE: Death of a Marxist Dream -- *J. Whelan.* Finally, the whole truth. **$14.95**

0417 JIMMY CARTER: THE MAN & THE MYTH --*Victor Lasky.* The Lasky treatment. **$12.50**

2303 THE COMING REVOLUTION IN SOCIAL SECURITY -- *A.H. Robertson.* Lays bare the mess, proposes a solution. **$19.75**

2296 THE NEW ELITE -- *D. Lebedoff.* They're out to destroy Reagan. **$11.95**

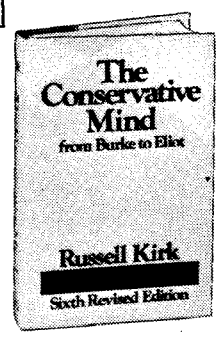
0476 CONCEIVED IN LIBERTY: Vol. 3 -- Advance to Revolution, 1760-1775 -- *Murray N. Rothbard.* **$12.95**

0486 AUTHORITY AND ITS ENEMIES -- *Thomas Molnar.* Eminent thinker examines the abuses of freedom. **$7.95**

2213 A TIME FOR ACTION -- *Wm. E. Simon.* Tough sequel to the bestselling *Time for Truth.* **$10.**

2008 A PUBLIC PHILOSOPHY READER. Selections by Nisbet, Kristol, Murray, Kendall, Lippmann, Novak, Voegelin, etc. **$9.95**

0566 STRATEGY OF SURVIVAL -- *Brian Crozier.* How the West may still snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. **$10.95**



2145 GO QUIETLY...OR ELSE -- *Spiro Agnew.* His side. **$10.95**

2038 AN AMERICAN RENAISSANCE: A Strategy for the 1980s -- *Rep. Jack Kemp.* **$8.95**

2217 PALACE POLITICS -- *Robert T. Hartmann.* From the inside, with Gerald Ford's ex-aide. **$15.95**

2194 SILVER BULLS: The Great Silver Boom and Bust -- *P. Sarnoff.* Included: a look ahead. **$12.95**

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin, which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates—all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 4 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computer! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-90% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

15 Oakland Avenue • Harrison, NY 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send me my FREE copy of *The Future Under President Reagan* plus the 4 books whose numbers I've written in below:

Bill me 44¢ plus shipping and handling. I agree to buy 4 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 2 years. I also agree to the Club rules as spelled out in this coupon.

AS-2

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at almost every turn," Greenfield argues. "For the fact is that Ronald Reagan made his full share of those gaffes, blunders, and mistakes that are supposed to derail the campaigns of potential presidents." They didn't because voters were taken with his ideas. §

With the pummeling CBS endured this spring at the hands of the White House and *TV Guide,* folks at the network of a conspiratorial frame of mind might have concluded that the right wing was piling on with malice aforethought. And if they didn't jump to this conclusion on their own, well, Tom Shales, the acerbic television critic of the *Washington Post,* was available to show the way. "Conspiracy theories in this country don't just come cheap," he wrote in a review excoriating *TV Guide* for attacking CBS. "They're free. Why, if you really had a mind to, you could dredge up heaps of circumstantial evidence suggesting [*TV Guide* owner Walter] Annenberg has a vested political interest in anything that makes the network boys look like rascals." The truth is, Shales said, he's a buddy of Richard Nixon, a pal of Reagan.

What touched off the Shales tirade was the magazine's article in May entitled "Anatomy of a Smear: How CBS News Broke the Rules and 'Got' Gen. Westmoreland." The article, impressively documented though occasionally overstated, accused CBS of "inaccuracies, distortions and violations of journalistic standards" in a 90-minute show in January. That show, billed as "The Uncounted Enemy: A Vietnam Deception," had attacked General William C. Westmoreland for allegedly underestimating the enemy's forces in Vietnam in order to convince his superiors in Washington that the war was going well.

With access to some internal CBS documents, *TV Guide* reporters Don Kowet and Sally Bedell wrote that the show's producers had stacked the deck against Westmoreland, keeping out exculpatory material, coaching a friendly witness, yanking quotes out of context, and misrepresenting some events. "We do not know whether [the CBS producers] were right about General Westmoreland and his military-intelligence operation," they wrote. "We can say, however, that 'The Uncounted Enemy' was often arbitrary and unfair in its approach to a subject that surely demanded all the objectivity and thoroughness that the journalists of CBS News could muster."

More broadly, "the network's lapses in the making of this documentary also raise larger questions," Kowet and Bedell said. "Are the network news divisions, with their immense power to influence the public's ideas about politics and recent history, doing enough to keep their own houses in order? If this documentary is any evidence, then the answer may be no." In snarling at *TV Guide,* Shales didn't ask such questions, and he hardly mentioned the magazine's evidence at all. "There definitely is a limit, though, on how seriously these charges should be taken," he huffed. After all, the *Post* had reviewed the show favorably when it was aired back in January.

The *TV Guide* criticism came on the heels of a CBS squabble with the White House over an hour-long show by Bill Moyers called "People Like Us." It was about alleged victims of Reagan's budget cuts, and David R. Gergen, the White House communications director, asked the network to allow an Administration spokesman to appear on the show to deflect any blame. CBS refused on the perfectly appropriate ground that Administration officials get plenty of network time to air their views.

But aside from the questionable ploy of seeking rebuttal time, the White House did unusually well in combat with a television network, combat that often is self-defeating because it brings back memories of Spiro T. Agnew and his crusade against the networks. The White House strategy was to keep Reagan out of the spat, have Gergen deliver some overall criticism of the show, and let the Department of Health and Human Services pick apart the particulars of the four cases chronicled by CBS. Shales might have frowned on this counterattack, but then his misty-eyed admiration of CBS News is tempered only when he catches the network going after Teddy Kennedy too harshly. □

A SEPARATE PEACE

by Wladyslaw Pleszczynski

We are collected by our German hosts at the Cologne/Bonn airport, and suddenly a number of tired American travelers who minutes before in Frankfurt were oblivious of one another begin to partake in friendly introductions all around. On the spur of the moment, the Friedrich Ebert Foundation has invited a group of American journalists representing five opinion magazines, ten major metropolitan dailies, several news services and labor publications—and including two free-lance feminists—for an "information" visit to Bonn and Berlin on the eve of President Reagan's European trip and the NATO summit. As the think-tank arm of the faltering West German Social Democratic Party (SPD) of Helmut Schmidt, the foundation has arranged the trip to clarify the West German position on the many issues disrupting relations between Bonn and Washington, as well as to reassure the United States of West Germany's boundless devotion to the Western Alliance.

Wladyslaw Pleszczynski is managing editor of The American Spectator.

On the bus to Bonn, one of the Germans asks about my previous trips to his country and my impressions. Assuming we are still exchanging pleasantries, I recall six wonderful days spent in the Bavarian Alps in 1973. But my host is serious: "A lot has changed since then," he cautions, and indeed it has. As late as 1979 there seemed to be no such thing as the peace movement, no revulsion at U.S.-NATO strategies, no deeply felt suspicion of U.S. intentions. In a continent shaken by Eurocommunism and Hollanditis, the United States could at least look to West Germany as its staunchest supporter in the Alliance.

Then came the election of Ronald Reagan, which—Schmidt's open contempt for Jimmy Carter notwithstanding—caught West Germans unawares. In America, the Reagan victory symbolized renewed recognition of the USSR as a global menace. West Germany, however, conditioned by the procedures of détente, simply has refused to budge from viewing the Soviets in anything but European terms. "By the way," Willy Brandt was to remark to us in several days, "the Federal Republic of Germany is not a world power and has no ambition to be one. We are a medium-sized power in Europe"—an ingenious formula which washes West German hands of any greater responsibility in meeting the Soviet threat. As President Reagan sadly learned in Europe in June, the easiest way for the United States to heal the rift that has developed between Bonn and Washington is to subscribe to the views of NATO's European minions.

But our German allies should not delude themselves into thinking that the major source of the problem has been Ronald Reagan, nor spend too much time assuming that eventually Reagan will have to "come around."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For what was left unsaid in our many meetings with high SPD officials from Chancellor Schmidt and Party Chairman Brandt on down is that the crisis in U.S.-West German relations just might be a reflection of the SPD's own domestic crisis. In power since 1969, the German Social Democratic Party is about to go under. Only the personal popularity of Chancellor Schmidt, it is said, and the inability of the Christian Democrats to produce a candidate of comparable stature has been keeping the party (ruling in a coalition with the liberal Free Democrats who are also in decline) afloat. But now the SPD's poor showing in the June 6 state elections in Hamburg—Schmidt's backyard—must be regarded as a blow to the Chancellor's prestige as well. Should the SPD lose in the next round of regional elections, in Hesse on September 26, its fate in the near term will be sealed.

What has happened? An American official who has lived in Berlin for years remarked that it is simply the logical decline of a party that has been in office too long. Others spoke of the negative impact of the worldwide recession, high unemployment (e.g., ten percent in the major industrial city of Cologne, according to its Lord Mayor), and West Germany's growing vulnerability to foreign (i.e., Japanese) competition. But most compelling has been the challenge posed by the Left, with its mish-mash of pacifist, neutralist, antinuclear, environmentalist, pro-Third World, anti-American, and other youthful enthusiasms. Though still a minority within the SPD itself, the Left in its inimitable way has succeeded in turning the SPD leftward in a manner reminiscent of the New Left's successes within the Democratic party during the late sixties and early seventies. This development is noteworthy less for the obvious generational conflicts it suggests ("a breakdown of Germany's traditional patriarchal structure," according to the above American) than for the timid, misdirected response of party elders to this fundamental assault on the SPD's legacy and principles. "For the first time in their lives, my sons have something to believe in—peace," a veteran Bonn correspondent who has worked in the capital since day one of the Federal Republic told me at lunch one afternoon. In this he was merely echoing no less a personage than Willy Brandt, who remarked to us that "I have experienced worse things in my lifetime than young Germans demonstrating for peace."

Even Schmidt, who has been known to use stronger language in discussing the peace movement, said that he "resents" its being depicted "so vituperatively" in the United States. "There has been an enormous change for the better between the Hitler Youth demonstrators and today's. . . . I won't condemn them." On the eve of the massive anti-NATO, anti-Reagan demonstration in Bonn, perhaps Schmidt felt discretion to be the better part of valor. Yet there can be little doubt but that neutralist pressures have undermined Schmidt's own foreign policy with regard to NATO. Schmidt has staked his credibility within the Alliance on the installation of the Pershing II and Cruise missiles—which, we were told in no uncertain terms by Horst Ehmke, deputy chairman of the SPD caucus in the German Federal Parliament and one of Schmidt's few major SPD supporters on the question, are a clearly needed deterrent to the unprecedented Soviet build-up of SS-20s. Whatever the threat posed by the Soviets, the Left rejects the "Euromissiles" out of hand as but another manifestation of Washington's arms race obsessions, a response which plays on growing concern in the Federal Republic that in the event of a European war Germany will be the first to go. A perverse corollary, referred to by Ehmke, is increasing German suspicion that the U.S. and USSR will strike a strategic deal leaving Western Europe on a limb. In this climate, Schmidt's few supporters on the matter have been reduced to arguing in effect that the Pershing II and Cruise are the one guarantee Germany has that America will share in its fate should worst come to worst.

The *New Republic* recently reported on the SPD mood in these words: "The West Germans are deeply committed to détente, but they are even more committed to the alliance." Though I am confident this is precisely the message our hosts wished to convey, I would reverse the emphasis: In the SPD's view, West Germany is above all committed to détente. And, they insist, who can blame them? Ostpolitik has brought West Germany closer to East Germany than previously thought possible, it has stabilized the situation in Berlin, and it has allowed West German influence to be felt throughout the Soviet bloc. There is intense public pressure in West Germany that nothing be allowed to jeopardize West German access to East Germany. Moreover, the West Germans exhibit a curious confidence in their own cultural, economic, and political strength—and a concomitant contempt for the Soviets in these areas. This permits them to remain both unconcerned with the dangers inherent in extending economic ties with the Soviet bloc and willing to stomach the humiliating payments extorted by the East Germans and Soviets in return for this access to the East—and even on occasion for the release of a hapless German from Communist hands. And so, the unspoken nationalism that has been injected into German attitudes toward the Alliance has become more discernible in the SPD's insistence that détente be maintained—at all costs, and with no disruptions. This is one matter on which the Left leaves the SPD alone.

The SPD confirmed this dedication to détente by its response to the suppression of Solidarity in Poland. "With regard to the people of Poland, we reacted with much sympathy when they joined the free Solidarity movement. We would watch Walesa on television and think how remarkable that this is going on inside a system like that, and we hoped he won't go one step too far." Thus remarked Johannes Rau, governor of North Rhine-Westphalia and SPD deputy chairman. His instinctive caution regarding Walesa speaks for itself. Yet it should be noted that Rau was the sole SPD leader on our itinerary to go so far as to "denounce the state of martial law in Poland and demand the release of all political prisoners and the restoration of freedom of association and trade unions."

From everyone else we heard expressions of sympathy for the Poles coupled with a reluctance to say anything inflammatory about the Jaruzelski crackdown. It must be stressed that the West German public has responded magnanimously: 30,000 parcels are being shipped to Poland daily (postage free, the government presumably covering the mailing costs). However humanitarian, though, the aid is clearly intended (by the government, at least) not to revivify Solidarity but simply to stabilize the Polish situation—in other words, to res-

THE MONUMENTAL LITERATURE OF DWARFS . . . CONTINUES.

THE ROCKFORD PAPERS' new series, "The Monumental Literature of Dwarfs," continues its critical look at contemporary American literature with essays on the following celebrated authors:

MARILYN FRENCH and MARY GORDON. Are their novels literature or feminist brochures? Betsy Clarke writes on perhaps the most-hyped contemporary authoresses.

NORMAN MAILER. Is he still the great white hope of American literature or an artifact of ideological follies? Richard Vigilante examines the author of *The Naked and the Dead.*

E. L. DOCTOROW. Is his writing an attempt to create literature or does he simply put together attractive ideological tracts? Stephen Tanner takes a look at the author of *Ragtime.*

GORE VIDAL. Is the author of *Myra Breckinridge* a brilliant observer of manners — as the liberal critics want us to believe — or just an astute muckraker seeking the annihilation of the conventions that form the rudiments of civilization? Stephen Macaulay studies this prolific author of best sellers.

"... some of the best conservative writing of recent times."

Our writing on such issues as the Cold War, liberalism, education, the media, the New Right and the Moral Majority has brought favorable mention in publications as diverse as the *Washington Post, New Oxford Review* and the *Congressional Record.*

Peregrine Worsthorne, associate editor of London's *Sunday Telegraph,* says: "I always benefit from reading *The Rockford Papers* which seems to me to include some of the best conservative writing of recent times."

It's the kind of writing that earned us the Freedoms Foundation's 1981 George Washington Honor Medal.

Why not join our growing list of readers? Send us your coupon today so you don't miss a single issue of our new series.

Send to:
THE ROCKFORD PAPERS
934 North Main
Rockford, IL 61103

☐ Enclosed is $8.00. Start my one-year (six bimonthly issues) subscription to *THE ROCKFORD PAPERS* with your July issue on Marilyn French and Mary Gordon — and *rush* me your series openers on Kurt Vonnegut and William Styron.

☐ Bill me for $8.00.
(U.S. dollars only, please.)

NAME (please print)

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

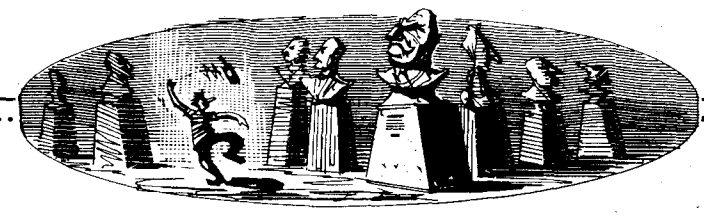
ASRP5

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cue détente. When asked why the West German government has not accompanied humanitarian aid with greater pressure on Jaruzelski, Helmut Schmidt replied by defending the general: "Jaruzelski is certainly not loved by the Kremlin." Then—in direct contradiction of a statement issued jointly with President Reagan last January—Schmidt volunteered: "Jaruzelski is not acting on orders from Moscow, he believes to be acting in the interests of the Polish nation." Viewing developments in Poland as "a tragedy of Greek dimensions," Schmidt insisted that "a rebellion would serve nobody's interest."

Like many others ("Every day is a Solidarity Day here," Brandt declared), Schmidt is openly proud of the humanitarian aid his country is providing. According to one study cited to us, West Germany is responsible for 30 percent of the food Poles are eating. The SPD leaders speak of American aid to West Germany after World War II and how one good turn deserves another. "I have deep compassion for the Polish nation," Schmidt continued, and added that he and Mrs. Schmidt have been sending parcels to their many Polish friends—"some of them Communists." Concluded Schmidt: "I realize what I have said will not be popular in America, particularly among Americans of Polish origin"—nor among Poles of Polish origin, I should imagine.

"I am for changement only in the long run. About Solidarity: When there is no food, the government can only react Stalinistically. People suffer. . . . An arms race to bring down the Soviet system I'm against. They're sitting on tons of arms which they'll exploit externally. . . . Americans must see the interests of partner too. . . . I'm not sure of my plans. I wish to read, to think, to write—to re-create myself . . . " The speaker is a handsome, youthful SPD diplomat, brought to our final gathering by one of our traveling feminists who for all her credentials sits at his side clearly enchanted by the soothing music of his continental English. We are at an outdoor restaurant, high above West Berlin's Havel lake, dining on venison and watching the sun disappear into the mist and trees far away. In Bonn someone had said, "The Germans are a Romantic people, they need something to cry about." Thinking back on our five hours in a somber and empty East Berlin earlier in the day, I can only guess what they wouldn't all give to be sitting next to me. □



EMINENTOES

THE K.G.B. HETMAN

by Adrian Karatnycky

While Leonid Brezhnev's month-long disappearing act has again fueled speculation about his eventual successor, one succession of no small importance to Soviet citizens has already occurred within the hierarchy of the totalitarian state. Colonel General Vitaly Fedorchuk, who for twelve years headed the Ukrainian KGB, has been appointed the chairman of the USSR's Committee for State Security. Fedorchuk thus succeeds Yuri Andropov, a ruthless functionary who has returned to the Party Secretariat and who inexplicably is being hailed as a liberal by some Western commentators, apparently because he speaks English and collects modern art.

Fedorchuk, 63, is a man untainted by such embellishments. Rather, he has made a reputation for himself as a tough and reliable hangman in his 43 years as a security *apparatchik*. In the immediate postwar period, Fedorchuk is said to have served as head of the KGB's Directorate of Special Departments in East Germany. The Special Departments are responsible for peacetime kidnappings, killings, and sabotage. Apparently Fedorchuk's competent handling of the post resulted in a promotion to head the KGB's Third Directorate, whose function is to ensure the subservience of the military to the Party leadership.

In 1970, after Fedorchuk had proved himself sufficiently loyal to the Moscow authorities, he was named to the sensitive post of chairman of the Ukrainian KGB. At that time the Party First Secretary in the Ukraine was one Petro Shelest, whom the Kremlin was coming to regard as not tough enough on Ukrainian national dissent. Meanwhile, Fedorchuk's predecessor as Ukrainian KGB chief had been known on occasion to invite leading Ukrainian dissidents for what the Kremlin feared were amicable chats.

Upon assuming the mantle of top Ukrainian Chekist, Fedorchuk moved with swiftness and brutality. In 1972 he orchestrated the most severe wave of political arrests and repressions to have occurred anywhere in the USSR in the post-Stalin era. Moreover, he moved decisively to undermine the authority of Ukrainian Party chief Shelest. According to a 1974 issue of the clandestine dissident journal the *Ukrainian Herald:* "The KGB completely slipped out from under the control of the Ukrainian Party leadership. The number of KGB men and undercover agents increased sharply." As the *Herald* unequivocally put it: "Fedorchuk fired off reports to Moscow charging that the leadership of the Ukrainian Party was not helping the KGB in carrying out its work effectively."

Fedorchuk's machinations eventually bore fruit. Shelest was purged and with him thousands of party cadre deemed to be unreliable on the basis of "nationalist deviation." With Fedorchuk's crony and Shelest's replacement Volodymyr Shcherbitsky firmly entrenched as Ukrainian Party First Secretary, Fedorchuk had an even freer hand in eliminating pockets of dissent both within the Ukrainian political establishment and outside. Housecleanings were conducted in the universities, in academic institutes, and in the top levels of the Ukrainian Party. It is a grim tribute to Fedorchuk's thoroughness that today Ukrainian political prisoners account for over 40 percent of the Soviet Union's known political prisoners; nearly two-and-a-half times the proportion of Ukrainians in the Soviet population.

Adrian Karatnycky is Research Director of the A. Philip Randolph Institute and an editor of Workers Under Communism, *a new quarterly journal. He has written on Soviet and East European topics for the* New Republic, National Review, Inquiry, *the* New Leader, *and* The American Spectator.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Without question from the point of view of the Kremlin leadership, Fedorchuk has the makings of an ideal KGB chief. He is sufficiently far-removed from the departing KGB chief's inner circle to deny Andropov any head start in the geriatric marathon that will determine Brezhnev's successor. He has been extremely competent in stamping out dissent in his bailiwick and has demonstrated his loyalty to the imperial interests of the Kremlin. Significantly, he has had experience in monitoring the loyalty of the armed forces to the Party. In the wake of the Army's eclipse of the Party in martial law Poland, such experience is a highly regarded commodity in the eyes of Kremlin leaders concerned about politically ambitious generals.

The designation of the Ukrainian Fedorchuk to the post of KGB chief is likewise a political masterstroke. It serves cosmetically to emphasize that Ukrainians are full partners of the Russian ruling elite. Moreover, the fact that someone of Ukrainian extraction is implementing repressions may evoke hostility against Ukrainians on the part of both Russians and non-Russians, and thus drive a wedge into the unity necessary for any democratic movement to succeed.

But most important is Fedorchuk's proven competence in handling what promise to be the two most significant sources of opposition in the Soviet Union of the 1980s: national dissent and workers' opposition. The Ukraine has long been a focal point of patriotic and separatist sentiments. With its substantial Jewish population, moreover, the Ukraine has been a center of the movement for free emigration. During Fedorchuk's tenure, the breath was knocked out of both these national movements and their demonstrated potential for commanding mass support. The Ukraine, particularly the industrial and coal-mining Donbas region, has also been the site of frequent industrial unrest. Efforts to establish independent trade unions were made by Ukrainian workers even before the emergence of Solidarity. Fedorchuk has displayed consummate skill in defusing this explosive source of discontent, and leading independent trade unionists now languish in the notorious "Special Psychiatric Hospital" in Dnepropetrovsk, victims of "paranoid schizophrenia" and "reformist delusions." When Poland experienced its 17-month-long period of ferment, Fedorchuk passed his sternest test by effectively sanitizing the Ukraine, which borders on Poland, from the harmful effects of the Polish disease.

It is difficult to predict what a Fedorchuk-led KGB will be like. The scale of repression will, of course, depend as much on the extent of opposition as on the inclinations of the new KGB chief. By all indications, however, Fedorchuk will pursue an even harder line than Andropov and so continue to prove that Brezhnev's isn't the only weak constitution in the USSR. For one thing, Fedorchuk has an appetite for conducting large-scale repressions which seek to mop up all democratic opposition and eliminate entire infrastructures of dissident activity, as opposed to the more piece-meal approach favored by others in the secret police. He is known as well to have a predilection for falsely linking internal opponents to émigré cabals and Western intelligence services. He did so with particular flourish in 1972 and 1977 when mass arrests were linked to cases involving young Belgian and British tourists of Ukrainian extraction.

More recently, Fedorchuk has written quite widely within the Party press. His publicistic efforts have been part of a general propaganda campaign by the KGB to improve its image and to persuade Soviet citizens

The empires, the conflicts, the leaders...the drama of history

The New York Times.
LATE CITY EDITION
JAPAN WARS ON U. S. AND BRITAIN; MAKES SUDDEN ATTACK ON HAWAII; HEAVY FIGHTING AT SEA REPORTED
CONGRESS DECIDED TOKYO ACTS FIRST
GRAB BOMBER; ARMY SHIP IS SUNK
U. S. Fliers Head North From Manila—Battleship Oklahoma Set Afire by Torpedo Planes at Honolulu
AT DAWN WE SLEPT
THE UNTOLD STORY OF PEARL HARBOR
Gordon W. Prange

© 1941 by The New York Times Company. Reprinted by permission.

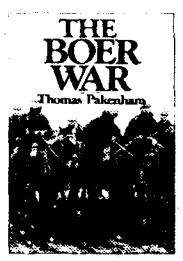
"The triumphant cry echoed and reechoed as one after another the planes sent off their lone but mortal missiles. Elatedly Murata radioed his report: 'Torpedoed enemy battleships. Serious damage inflicted.'"

3970. $22.95/**$14.95**

"At the end the doctors had not been able to agree on a single written report on the cause of death. Napoleon would be seen to have died of a possibly hereditary ailment that had nothing to do with what happened at St. Helena."

5082. $14.95/**$10.95**

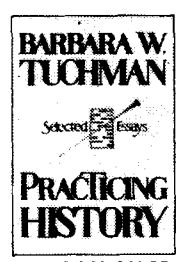
5462. $12.50/**$8.50**



8466. $20.00/**$12.50**

9068. $30.00/**$15.50**

3459. $20.00/**$13.95**



3947. $16.50 **$11.95**

4663. $24.50/**$13.95**

5504. $25.00/**$13.00**

8656. $19.50 **$13.95**

7849. $22.50 **$12.95**

3111. $22.50/**$14.50**

4622. $16.95/**$11.50**

3954. $12.95/**$9.95**

Take Any 3 All For 99¢ (values up to $89.95 with trial membership)

4 Good Reasons To Try The History Book Club

Big cash savings. Last year our members saved 33% on their Club purchases. Your total savings as a trial member, including this introductory offer, can be more than 50%.

Liberal bonus plan. You can qualify for added savings through bonus books which you can pick from our full list of 150-200 fine works.

Exceptional quality. In its 36 years, the Club has distributed over 1,000 outstanding titles, including 85 award winners. Our books are always the equal of publishers' editions, never economy reprints.

Membership benefits. A membership account will be opened for you, to which your purchases will be charged at the low members' prices. You need pay only after you have received your books. A postage-and-packing fee is added to each shipment. Every four weeks (13 times a year), you will receive our *Review* and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing; it will be sent automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. If you should receive an unwanted book because you had less than ten days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

More fine books to choose from: (First price is publisher's list **Boldface** shows members' price)

3723. **Infiltration: How Heinrich Himmler Schemed To Build An SS Industrial Empire.** *By Albert Speer.* $15.95/**$11.95**

3863. **The Voyage Of The Armada: The Spanish Story.** *By David Howarth.* $13.95/**$9.95**

4549. **Roots Of Revolution: An Interpretive History Of Modern Iran.** *By Nikki R. Keddie.* $30.00/**$16.00**

4754. **The Vineyard Of Liberty.** *By James MacGregor Burns.* $22.95/**$13.95**

4820. **The War Of The Roses: Peace And Conflict In Fifteenth Century England.** *By John Gillingham.* $20.00/**$13.50**

4978. **Ordeal By Fire: The Civil War And Reconstruction.** *By James M. McPherson.* $29.95/**$19.95**

5058. **The Life And Times Of Grigorii Rasputin.** *By Alex de Jonge.* $17.95/**$12.95**

5249. **Alexander Hamilton.** *By Jacob E. Cooke.* $17.95/**$12.95**

5652. **The Twelve Caesars.** *By Michael Grant* $15.95/**$10.95**

7765. **Richard The Lionheart.** *By John Gillingham.* $12.50/**$8.50**

8284. **The Devil's Horsemen: The Mongol Invasion Of Europe.** *By James Chambers.* $11.95/**$8.95**

The History Book Club
40 Guernsey Street. Box 790. Stamford, CT 06904

Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the four books whose numbers I have entered below. Bill those on the left at 99¢ for all three and the fourth at the low member's price, plus postage-and-packing.

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or, I will buy four more selections within the next two years (*not counting my choices above*). Membership is cancellable anytime thereafter. All Club purchases are at low members' prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments.

Print Name

Address Apt. #

City State Zip

In Canada. Mail to U.S. address AQ-06K

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB

EC82B

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the dangers posed by "Western imperialism." In a typical essay, Fedorchuk suggested that "ruling circles [in the West] have adopted a course of confrontation with the Soviet Union," whose aim "is to restore capitalism in the socialist countries or to weaken them so much that they would be unable to resist the aggression of imperialism." And in an article which appeared in October 1981 in the Ukrainian-language journal *Under the Banner of Leninism,* Fedorchuk expressed what even by Soviet standards is extreme hostility toward the West: "The forces of international reaction," he argued, "are actively exploiting their ideology of inculcating their citizens in a spirit of militarism, anti-Communism, and anti-Sovietism in order to create an atmosphere of mass psychosis, in this way destroying any possibility for domestic social protest."

But Fedorchuk is not content to blame only Western subversion for the internal difficulties the USSR faces: He prefers to implicate political dissidents in non-political crimes. In particular, he has recently exhibited a penchant for discrediting political dissenters by framing them on charges of sexual deviation. Thus, Ukrainian journalist and prison camp veteran Vyacheslav Chornovil was arrested on trumped-up charges of attempted rape. And physician Mykola Plakhotniuk, who spent nearly a decade in a psychiatric prison, recently was rearrested on a charge of homosexuality—a crime under the Soviet criminal code.

Fedorchuk's record does not augur well for Soviet human rights advocates, for activists in the national movements, and for independent trade unionists. The new hangman is now in a position to make his unique contribution to the Soviet variant of the "end of ideology"—by imprisoning anyone who openly opposes the Party line.

Comrade Fedorchuk emerges as well as a new factor within the highest ranks of the Soviet leadership. In this regard he is a wild card in the post-Brezhnev, high-stakes struggle for succession. □

HOFFMAN'S OF SAN FRANCISCO

by Douglas Bartholomew

"White meat only 25 cents extra," the menu admonishes. At half the saloons in San Francisco, this message could well be taken as a sign of something deeper, a sexual palimpsest, perhaps. But not at the Hoffman Grill. The only pleasures of the flesh you're likely to encounter here are those that arrive on a platter: turkey, veal, corned beef hash, chicken livers sautés, stuffed filet of pork, and a superb London broil.

Hoffman's, no doubt, ranks as an oddity in this pulchritudinous, slit-skirted city by the bay. The pub is a hideout, a refuge, a place where, midst the pandering and the sleaze and the meat markets (in a city where an uncontrollable urge for Twinkies is said to have murdered the Mayor, once a Hoffman's regular), a man can retreat for an hour or two of relative solace, sensible conversation, and good drink. And many do, for few good taverns in the Bay Area can hold a Jack Daniels to Hoffman's when it comes to ease of drinking. A sense of camaraderie prevails. Also present is that most elusive of all good drinking characteristics, a sense of genuine place.

Hoffman's sports numerous testimonials to its longevity as Baghdad-by-the-Bay's oldest continuously operating saloon. Of the more than two dozen paintings hung about the walls here, most date from the last century, and two are from the 1500s.

First and foremost is a Victorian oil high above the back bar. Nearly large as life, a full-breasted beauty reclines languorously amidst an aquamarine setting. The effect is guaranteed to

fix the male drinker's headlights at a constant 45 degrees.

The second attractive piece of canvas, adorning the opposite wall (Hoffman's ceilings are high enough to punt a football), is Domenic Tojetti's "Lily Maid of Astrolat," a reclining maiden on a floating bier, poled before a turreted castle as knights weep along the shore.

Aside from Victorian cheesecake and weeping knights, one can revel in the elaborately carved woodwork behind the bar, an ink portrait of Lincoln, the original ceiling fans, the Tiffany vases that light the upper back bar, and, most stunning of all, the century-old, 40-foot bar. This masterwork was brought 'round Cape Horn in the days when vessels were vessels and travel still held forth true delights.

Located at Montgomery and Market Streets, the busiest intersection in San Francisco, Hoffman's is both oasis and retreat. Outside its swinging doors lurk all manner of street hawkers, flower vendors, occasional tourists, hookers seeking occasional tourists, sidewalk musicians, bums, assorted crazed souls, and lesser derelicts (the latest in West Coast bumology, I have learned firsthand, a distinction separating the professional bum from the mere derelict, is the line, "Got any Federal Reserve notes?"). Escaping this miasma of desultory humanity and entering into Hoffman's is akin to departing from a dark and fetid tunnel into daylight with a rainbowed heaven above.

Hoffman's makes itself all the more comforting by its intricate blue-and-white Italian ceramic-tiled floor and its lavish mirroring over the back bar. The latter enables male and female patrons to view one another without appearing to do so. The mirror, in fact, tends to tell all, from the facial expressions of the buxom blonde at the far end to the petulant countenance of the solitary brunette two seats to my left (is the redhead looking?). The effect is alluring.

Hoffman's is owned and operated by a man named Joe Betz. Strong-jawed and fair-haired, Betz is a Teutonic figure possessing a thick German accent, chartreuse eyes, and the posture of a California redwood. While he is not one to be pushed about, there is more than an ounce of 80-proof Helmut Schmidt diplomacy in his veins. He demonstrated this not long ago by refusing to let his dreams be felled by the ever-encroaching chainsaw of progress. It seems a developer who sought to replace the bar with a high-rise—"skyrise," Betz calls it—office tower had to agree to rebuild the bar in all its post-earthquake glory within the modern office building. The deal, per Joe's meticulous requirements, has been set. In the next year or so, Hoffman's will be torn down and later reconstructed on the same piece of ground it now occupies. Every mirror, painting, ceiling fan, waiter, bar-

Douglas Bartholomew is The American Spectator*'s Chief Saloon Correspondent.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tender, and maitre d' will be in place, just as before.

Speaking of maitres d', Hoffman's is noteworthy. His name is Sean Mooney, and he is as Irish as a leprechaun with an Imperial quart of Jameson's—and just as sprightly. Last year Mooney had a triple-bypass and came out working the Hoffman tiles stronger than ever. Waiter won't get you a beer? Mooney will get it for you if he has to draw it from the tap himself. He wrote a book on how to run a saloon, had his own pub, and now presides over Hoffman regulars and newcomers alike much as a Daddy watching his brood.

There are still other reasons for Hoffman's allure. For one thing, the booze is reasonably priced, if not downright cheap, in a city where some of the better hotel bars will hit you up for $3 for a Bass Ale. The food is American, the portions hearty. The house liquor is all premium, and Betz touts his bartenders as having "the heaviest hands in town." No pre-measured shots from a tube here; at Hoffman's you get what you pay for, and then some. For beer drinkers, there are Heineken's light or dark, Beck's (I'm learning to like it), Bud on tap for a dollar, Miller and Miller Lite, and Coors (not as good as Easterners are led to believe). Hoffman's is closed after ten week-nights and all day on weekends.

I am lunching with Betz today. He is having iced tea and scallops. I have the London broil. We are seated at the prime table in the house, facing the window just off the bar on the first floor. First floor is a misnomer of sorts, since most of the saloon is ground level, save for a balcony with a dozen tables overlooking both the bar and dining area and the street below.

Hoffman's size is deceptive. The tavern can seat 125 for lunch or dinner, besides handling the overflow of drinking patrons at the bar—usually 50 to 100 in the evening after five. Some 300 to 400 lunches are served daily. The balcony, incidentally, is at its finest in midafternoon, when you can secure a window table, a pair of draft Buds, and kill time while the world outside swirls incessantly beneath your gaze.

The story of Joe Betz, I am learning, is a classic immigrant-made-good tale. Came to the U.S. 22 years ago. Started in the restaurant business as a waiter in New York. After a few years, alighted in San Francisco. Got a job waiting tables at Hoffman's. When the owners, two brothers, sought a buyer in 1968, jumped at the chance to own the tavern.

Hoffman's founder was a man named Sullivan who came out here from New York in the 1890s to fashion a saloon after the Hoffman House in New York. Founded in 1891, the original Hoffman's stood at Market and Second Streets. Sullivan conducted business after the '06 rocker in a privy-size shed outside the wrecked tavern. He later relocated the bar a few doors away from its birthplace. Betz tells me, with great pride, that while other classic saloons of old San Francisco have been either bought out or torn down and replaced with newer, more modern establishments, Hoffman's—like the House of Shields on New Montgomery—has survived. And will survive, so long as Betz has anything to say about it.

"As far as Hoffman's is concerned," Betz says, "I don't want any changes. We spend a lot of money to maintain what we have. Hoffman's is the kind of place where, after coming here for an evening, you can go home to your wife and tell her where you were. When you say Hoffman's, she knows you had a couple of drinks, and that you weren't at a meat market." I am thinking to myself, that's great if your wife doesn't mind your walking in the door with the breath of a draft horse, but what about the rest of us?

Says a crusty old regular, "This is a real bar with real people. There is nothing plastic here. This is not a pick-up joint. I can get drunk here without spending fifty bucks, something you can't do at most bars in this city."

One of the greatest pastimes of Hoffman patrons—or of customers at almost any good San Francisco saloon—is what is locally known as liar's dice or liar's poker. Though I have never understood or enjoyed this game, I am wont to describe it. The players, usually two men or (preferably) a man and a woman, obtain from the bartender a pair of leather-sided cups. Each player has a set of five dice to shake in the cup and roll on the bar. In liar's dice as in regular poker, a player can roll his dice, cover his hand, make a bid, and, by bluffing, win the other player's money or a drink or whatever. "Liar's dice is just passing time," says Betz, "to see who buys for the drink."

Between 5 and 6 p.m., the waitress serves hors d'oeuvres to the crowd at the bar. These consist of breaded fried zucchini, fried potato cakes, and meatballs or hot dogs in sauce. The bartenders are efficient and courteous, and have no difficulty spotting you standing in the third row back. One in particular stands out. His name is Bill. Although Bill is built like a Detroit Lions offensive lineman, he is much friendlier. He lights customers' cigarettes and has been known to set up my beer before I'm through the door. For these attributes he won the San Francisco Bartender of the Year award in 1980. The prize was a trip to the Super Bowl, which enabled him to witness, if memory serves me, a lackluster contest between Philadelphia and Oakland. A good bottle of schnapps would have been a better deal, Bill.

It is 5 o'clock on a Friday. Hoffman's is a solid mass of pinstriped men and suited women. They are packed three-deep and standing in the five feet of space between the bar and a brass rail protecting the dining tables. Along with a few of my cellmates from one of the glass monoliths nearby, I have come here to unwind after a blistering week with the typewriter, the telephone, and office politics. It is as if, with its magnificent paintings, heady draft beer, and grand mirrors, this saloon existed merely for that purpose.

Although most of Hoffman's trade consists of catering to the regular crowd of bankers and other business types who toil in the financial district by day, the bar draws an occasional tourist or two. On this particular Friday, as my colleagues and I attempt to quaff a few beers, we are beset by three obnoxious out-of-towners. Their amiability in close quarters can only be matched by that of a trio of dobermans unleashed in a prison yard. These semicretins, one of whom in both height and personality resembles a barber's pole, begin squeezing us from our elbow's width of real estate at the bar.

Considering that this is a gentleman's saloon, and that neither I nor any of my associates weighs 300 pounds or is built like Primo Carnera, we ease into the crowd and avoid its heavy, double-barreled stares. Should they return, I will have Bill lace their drinks with curare doubles.

"This isn't a tourist place," Betz reassures me. "We cater to the local trade, our repeat customers. I want to keep Hoffman's the way it is. I have a feeling we are never going to see another place like this, once it is gone. Most of our help has been here for at least ten years. We are waiting now for our 100th year."

As Betz and I finish lunch, his secretary appears at our table. She says the state tax auditor is waiting for him in the office. He gets up to leave. "There are two kinds of people I don't want to offend," he says, "Tax men and reporters." □

There is opportunity in America!

Sarkes Tarzian Inc. Bloomington, Indiana

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK REVIEWS

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOE McCARTHY

Thomas Reeves / Stein and Day / $19.95

Paul Seabury

Thomas Reeves's *Life and Times of Joe McCarthy* is a very good biography—objective, fair, complete, and well written. The publisher does not exaggerate when he says that this book will be the "standard work" for anyone who wishes to learn about the "man." Whether it can serve as well for anyone wishing to understand Joe McCarthy's "times" is another matter; for, as Plutarch insisted, biography is not history, certainly not the kind that Thucydides wrote.

Senator McCarthy surely is no stranger to readers of this journal, and thus Reeves's book supplies no large surprises.* Still, a few reminders are in order. For almost four years (from February 1950 until June 1954, to be precise), this man mesmerized millions of media consumers with vituperation and largely false calumnies against fellow Americans for being Communists, fellow travelers, or dupes of Communism—State Department officials, statesmen, military commanders, newsmen, professors, and lesser fry. However much we may disagree as to its meanings, "McCarthyism" is now at least synonymous with the big smear. McCarthy became a controversial figure. As quickly as his meteor rose, it fell; he died in virtual obscurity. His fame—as opposed to his brief precarious status as a celebrity—was conferred on him posthumously by later historians and political scientists.

One can ask many questions about the man and find conclusive answers in this book. For me, there is one important characterological question: Was the man an opportunist or a zealot? McCarthy's most bitter early critics really could not make up their minds on this, but Reeves's story clarifies a great deal. This is a full-length biography, encompassing the man's political career both before and after his preoccupation with the Communist issue; it provides an intriguing if not explicit answer: Both motives are apparent in each phase of McCarthy's career.

There is a striking pattern in Joe McCarthy's passion for causes: The two qualities, zealotry and opportunism, were present in his attachment to them, but in sequence. The man was powerfully ambitious, yet when calculated opportunism led him to a cause, it soon gave way to a zealotry which brooked no opposition; it took command of him, whichever cause he espoused. In the end, this was his ruin; no real opportunist would have gone so far. McCarthy was also a sequential monogamist to these causes, giving each a full measure of undistracted devotion, concentration, and combativeness. There were victims of McCarthy before he became hyped on Communism; some of his causes were even nice liberal ones. His stormy senatorial persecutions of subpoenaed witnesses in the housing industry—grey marketeers—bear comparison with his later handling of alleged Communists.

In this sense, one gains a strong impression of the man: Observed carefully, he was not a zealot in our ordinary understanding of the term—one who is abidingly consumed by one overriding thing (as in the case of, say, a Ralph Nader). He had no coherent *Weltanshauung*; he was an amateur. His rendezvous with Communism was pretty much an accident.

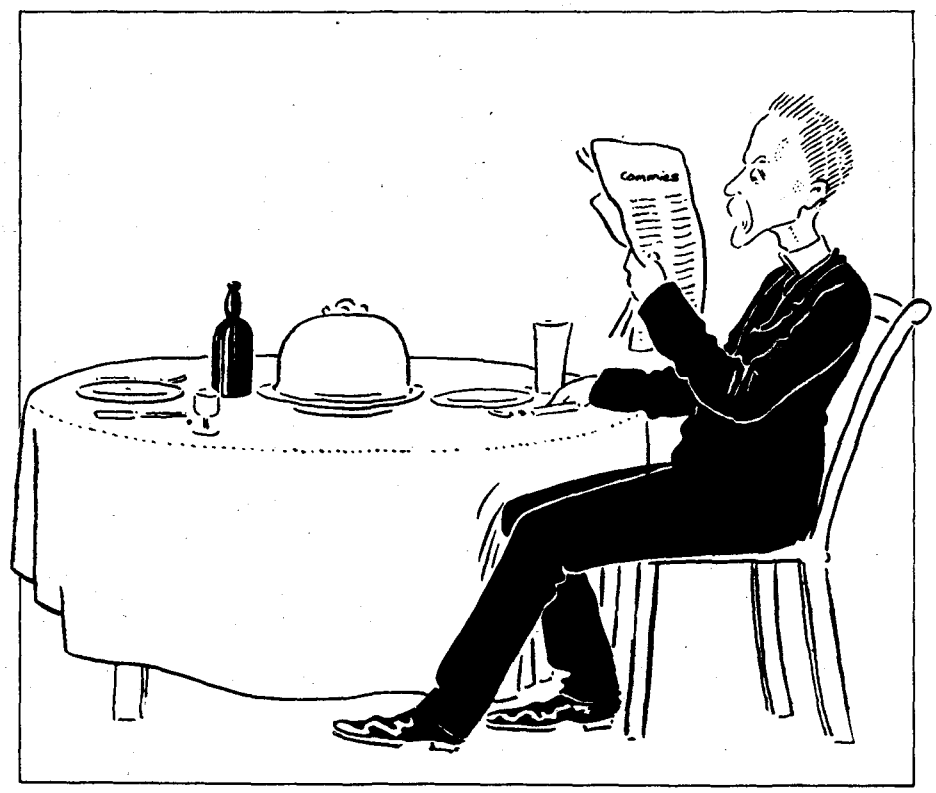
After his reckless (if casual) Wheeling, Lincoln Day speech in 1950 first cast him into national prominence, even his most sympathetic well-wishers became astonished at his ignorance of elementary facts about Communism in America. According to Reeves, he then did not even recognize the name Earl Browder. William Buckley, fresh from Godless Yale, marveled at his "lack of intellectual precision." For all this, he was at all times impervious to any suggestion that he was wrong.

Yet an equally intriguing aspect of McCarthy's fanaticism (to be played down by many later writers, Left and Right) is that his zeal did not really encompass the syndrome of ideologically contentious issues which swirled around him at the time. He was, for one thing, anything but a "racist"—in the Senate, he fought the housing construction industry's hiring practices, for example; he joined (an odd coupling) with the ACLU and church groups in investigating the Army's alleged procedural foul play in the Malmedy massacre trials of German POWs. When first elected to the Senate, in 1946, the *Milwaukee Journal* guessed that he would locate himself in the Progressive wing of the GOP, then occupied by such figures as Wayne Morse, Harold Stassen, and George Ball. Before that, his brief tenure on a Wisconsin Circuit Court had gained him a reputation as a fair and effective judge. In all, he was not a reactionary, much less the fascist totalitarian he later was to be portrayed. Nor was he an isolationist or very much of an anti-New Dealer.

In fact, due in part to his sequential obsessions, he was neither an effective senator or representative of interests in his home state, nor, for that matter, a leader of any coherent movement ("McCarthyism") likely to tear the nation apart or reconstitute it as a garrison state.

What was it then about him which led to the ultimate McCarthy we remember? For one thing, an immense inner strength translated into an obsession with winning in combat.† Until his downfall he seemed almost inexhaustible. (Campaigning for the Senate seat in Wisconsin in 1946, he traveled 80,000 miles within the state!) And, then, there were to be seen, even in the early phases of his career, clear traces of a disregard for truth and exactitude when it suited his ambitions. (Yet how could a youthful, careless indulgence in verisimilitudes grow to such vast final proportions? Even Reeves has little to say on this, other than the obvious: The lies, starting off as almost casual remarks, were what made him; like many who in this respect followed in his footsteps, he became a creature of the media, much like those of the later, and more horrifying, time of the 1960s.)

Then the other problems—his in-



*Though it teems with trivia—such as that McCarthy, a frequent visitor to the Hyannisport compound, had a crush on Joe Kennedy's daughter Eunice—the girl who married Sargent Shriver, the fellow who, well, *could* have been George McGovern's Vice President.

†As Reeves points out, McCarthy's detractors, like Richard Rovere, were totally off base in attributing his bullying tactics to inner self-doubts and insecurities. All who knew him well knew of his supreme confidence in himself.

Paul Seabury is Professor of Political Science at the University of California, Berkeley.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ordinate capacity for drink, which finally grew into alcoholism and helped hasten his end; and, then, finally, a matter of no small importance to those who study political style: his pursuit of politics as the art of personal confrontation. It was this genius which accounted for both his fame and his failure.

Many historians of what they, and even Reeves himself, have called the "McCarthy Era" have chosen to depict it as a time of fear; but whatever truth there may be in such an assessment, the climate surrounding the Senator in the first half of the 1950s certainly was not such. Let us look at it this way: McCarthy became a bully; from time to time he certainly intimidated powerless individuals. But he was not a coward, nor were the principal objects of his ruthless, incessant attacks intimidated: Truman, Marshall, Acheson; newsmen such as Murrow and Wechsler, and so on. As his reckless charges mounted in irresponsibility, his victims, growing in strength and numbers, showed ability to play as rough a game as his. The smear tactic, which McCarthy developed into a fine art, was to be imitated by his enemies as well.

Thus, whether it was McCarthy's attacks on the Washington establishment (the powerful) or his cruel persecution of the powerless which proved to be the principal cause of his downfall is not an unimportant question for students of American political demagoguery. Was it the public's instincts for fairness, or the Washington establishment's methods of handling him, which did him in? The question can never be definitively answered, but Reeves's account provides a strong answer to the proximate cause of his downfall: a minor episode, to be sure, but Joe McCarthy never recovered from it.

It took place on June 9, 1954, in the so-called Army-McCarthy Hearings, with their *dramatis personae* of Cohn, Shine, McCarthy, Army Secretary Stevens, and the Army's counsel, a crafty and cultivated Boston lawyer, Joseph Nye Welch. Seeking to discredit Welch by his usual techniques of insinuation and guilt-by-association, the Senator announced that he had "discovered" a young lawyer in Welch's Boston firm, once briefly a member of the Lawyers' Guild; Welch had prudently kept him from involvement in the case:

McCarthy (to Welch): I am not asking you at this time to explain why you tried to foist him on the committee. Whether you knew he was a member of that Communist organization or not, I don't know. I assume that you did not, Mr. Welch, because I get the impression that, while you are quite an actor, you play for a laugh. I don't think you have any conception of the danger of the Communist party.

Welch (to McCarthy): Until this moment, Senator, I think I never really gauged your cruelty or your recklessness. . . . Little did I dream you could be so . . . cruel as to do an injury to that lad. . . . If it were in my power to forgive you . . . I will do so. I like to think I am a gentleman, but your forgiveness will have to come from someone other than me. . . . You have done enough. Have you no sense of decency, Sir, at long last? Have you no sense of decency?

From there it was all down hill. When he died, three years later, Dean Acheson's only comment was, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" (Of the dead, nothing but good).

What Reeves's account of these squalid interlocked episodes shows is not the fear which McCarthy inspired in the land, but rather the passions of anger and remorse which he engendered—anger, among those of both parties and many persuasions who fought back at him; remorse, and even disillusionment, among those of the Republican Right who came to realize—some, very late in the game

"At last!" —Civil War Press Corps

The Southern Partisan has arrived.

The Conservative Voice of the Unreconstructed... Presented With Wit and Style.

Read Andrew Lytle, Russell Kirk, M.E. Bradford, F. Reid Buckley, unpublished work by Richard Weaver, and more...in the magazine you've been waiting for.

"For those concerned about preserving Southern culture." —*Human Events*

"A group of writers (convinced) that the time has come to reverse the retreat... a hell-for-leather assault..." —*Chronicles of Culture*

"A breath of fresh air... a voice crying in the wilderness." —*Charleston News & Courier*

Yes! I'd like to try The Southern Partisan at the special introductory rate of $12.00 per year.

☐ $12.00 check enclosed ☐ Bill me

Name _____

Street address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: The Southern Partisan, Dept. 882-A, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211

A Publication of the Foundation for American Education

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—that McCarthy was an interloper wrecking their show.

What show? Some years ago, Earl Latham, in his *Communist Controversy in Washington* (1966), drew a critical distinction between what he called the Communist issue and the Communist problem of those years. Among those most remorseful about McCarthy's recklessness were men such as Taft, Hickenlooper, and Mundt—conservatives for whom the Communist *issue* was one means of driving New Dealers out of Washington. For them, McCarthy became an albatross. An ironic consequence of the Senator's final disgrace and downfall, in 1954, was to strengthen the centrist forces in the GOP and in the Eisenhower White House, as against those fundamentally opposed to the latter's chief foreign and domestic policy directions at the time.

But as Latham indicates (and Reeves accepts his distinction without much elaborating on it), there was also a Communist *problem*—in Washington and elsewhere. It was one which Truman and then Eisenhower both faced in their White House years and for which neither President had benefit of past precedent to guide them. For there were Communists in government, and there were fellow travelers; there had also been Soviet spies and agents of influence. McCarthy uncovered not a single one of these; and one result of the Senator's excesses was to make many think the problem inconsequential, and serious efforts to deal with it a threat to the civil liberties of Americans, bringing about (as the author Fred Cook called it) a *Nightmare Decade*.

Despite efforts of some historians to delineate a "McCarthy Era" of fear and persecution, such an era is a pure invention, it never existed, except in the publishing industry. At most, there was a spell of time—roughly between the late winter of 1950 and the spring of 1954—when McCarthy figured in the American press and occupied some of the headlines, vying with other headline grabbers of the time.

A Thucydides, rather than a Plutarch, in other words a writer narrating a time rather than a life—could point out something very obvious about that four-year period which Reeves does not: namely, that it almost exactly corresponds with the time of the Korean War, beginning in the late spring of 1950 and ending, in formal stalemate, in the Geneva agreements of 1954. This was not, it should be emphasized, a Cold War; it was a very hot one, and it was one which, at several critical moments, gave signs of becoming far more than the "limited war" which we, with advantage of hindsight, now know it. The fear in the land then, such as it was, was not a fear which a "McCarthy" or "McCarthyism" inspired, but one of a very much larger order of magnitude—of a major American defeat in an Asian war, and of a Third World War. It was a very real fear which arose from Communist aggression; 35,000 Americans died in Korea at the time, but none at the hands of Joseph McCarthy.

Yet the reputation lingers, of the Great Fear, as though it were necessary for some reason of historical even-handedness, to conjure up an American antithesis, of equal brutality and viciousness, to the other Joe of the time—Stalin. The liberal historian who first took upon himself this task of historical rectification, Richard Rovere, had this to say of Joe McCarthy in 1959:

> By the spring [of 1950] he was a towering figure. . . . [N]o man was closer to the center of American consciousness or more central to the world's consciousness of America. . . . He filled . . . the role described by Aristophanes. . . . "The

TV and the Oil Crises

There's no disputing the power and influence of TV. It's the main source of news for nearly two-thirds of the public. Americans regard it by far as the most believable of the news media.

Given its influence on people, it's fitting that TV should come under scrutiny for its news coverage of a major public policy issue of the past decade: the oil crises of 1973-74 and 1978-79. The dissection has been done by a research organization in Washington known as the Media Institute. With the help of computers, its researchers analyzed the three networks' coverage of the oil crises as reflected in 1,462 stories totaling 39½ hours of air time.

One finding stands out: TV failed to give the viewing public sufficient information to make informed judgements about the crises.

The networks relied excessively on the government for information. They didn't adequately present the economic dimensions of the crises. They gave scant heed to possible solutions through the mechanisms of the marketplace.

As a result, the Media Institute says, the public got a distorted view in which only certain solutions became the focus of discussion. In effect, the debate was limited. It excluded much of what economists and outside energy specialists were saying about solutions through market-directed measures. TV viewers were "led to believe that half the picture was in fact the whole picture," the Institute notes.

In TV's coverage of the two oil crises, the government was the largest single source of information—56%. Outside experts were the source only 2% of the time. To talk about solutions, the networks turned to government sources 77% of the time. The oil industry was called on to discuss solutions only 9% of the time.

Little wonder that non-market solutions—rationing, regulation, price controls—received three times the coverage that market solutions did.

The Media Institute asserts that its findings "place a burden on the networks to explain why the government's role in causing and prolonging the oil crises received such little coverage, and why deregulation and price decontrol were given such little attention as a solution."

Since oil crunch days, America's energy picture has improved markedly, thanks in large part to the government's easing of restraints on the forces of the marketplace...the very factors that TV slighted in its news coverage.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sovereign and ruler of them all, of the assemblies and tribunals, fleets and armies. You shall trample down the Senate under foot, confound and crush the generals and commanders."

Thus in later times a teacher of U.S. history could point to a McCarthy era of terror and intimidation—and so, students, there was this time, this era, of the Cold War, when Stalin reigned with fear in Russia and when McCarthyism and fear gripped America, too. In such a fashion an American nightmare could be neatly juxtaposed to a Soviet one, a balanced correspondence achieved. But this is a matter for a Thucydides, an honest historian, to cope with, rather than a Plutarch, an honest biographer, or even a Reeves!

Yet it is a tribute to Reeves that this balanced biography, with no grand historical designs in mind, in itself restores a clearer, if incomplete, perspective to those "times," by restoring McCarthy to a more modest place in them. McCarthy was no totalitarian, as Walter Lippmann once described him; he was no fascist; he was, in the Senate to which he belonged, a man of little influence over its proceedings; he played absolutely no role in a determination of the great policies of those years—policies which he took little interest in. Briefly, he threatened to debase the coinage of civil discourse in both Senate and nation—but it was for this reason that the Senate, finally, subjected him to its censure, and brought his career to an end. And that was it. □

JEWS WITHOUT MERCY: A LAMENT
Earl Shorris / Anchor Press-Doubleday / $14.95

Werner J. Dannhauser

Justice demands of a reviewer that he describe a book fairly before judging its worth. Then, if the verdict must be harsh, mercy dictates that mitigating circumstances be mentioned. I will try to manifest both justice and mercy in my review of *Jews Without Mercy*.

Stripped of its trimmings, the argument of this book emerges as a syllogism. Jews without mercy are not Jews; Jewish neoconservatives are Jews without mercy; hence, Jewish neoconservatives are not Jewish. Structurally flawless, this syllogism suffers only from the falsity of its major premise, minor premise, and conclusion, but let us not rush to judgment.

A Jew without mercy would seem to be a merciless Jew, and that is that. Jews come in all varieties, like all men. Indeed, the Bible, in which Mr. Shorris pretends to believe, contains portraits of cruel Jews and kind ones, bright and dull ones. Yet the author may have some kind of point. Common sense defines a Jew as somebody born of a Jewish mother who has not converted, or someone who has chosen to become one, but one can argue that it would be more insightful to define a Jew by what the convert to it accepts explicitly and the born Jew implicitly, the Jewish faith. One can go on to insist that ethics is at the core of that faith and mercy at the core of that core. But what is mercy? For Mr. Shorris it is more than, say, the Bible's command that one show concern for the lot of widows and orphans. He frequently appeals to the "immutable Law" given to the Jews at Mount Sinai, and he thinks of that Law, *mirabile dictu,* as "the idea of socialism in a democratic political setting." In other words, Judaism is essentially a left-wing phenomenon.

That, of course, is nonsense. By arguing such a thesis, Mr. Shorris can vent his dislike of the rich, but he must suppress, or at least neglect, a good deal, from the fact that Abraham, the first Jew, happened to be rich, to the fact that the Law of the corners of the field, which he tries to understand as a redistributive measure, actually imposes on the Jews a flat-rate taxation, usually advocated by conservative economists—and much more. None of which means that the Law is essentially a right-wing phenomenon. It is neither to the Left nor to the Right but Above, and it ill behooves Mr. Shorris to use it for partisan polemical purposes, just as it ill behooves him to attempt to read anybody out of Judaism.

(I cannot claim to be Mr. Shorris's moral superior, having never met him, but I know I loathe much of what he advocates. Yet I would never try to expel him from any *minyan*. I mention myself at this point because I must now turn to the neoconservatives, whom Mr. Shorris attacks so unscrupulously. I should therefore declare that I have sometimes been called a neoconservative and have never taken offense. Also, I am privileged to know many of the people he slanders; some are dear friends of mine.)

When one turns to this book's minor premise, one must first give some idea of its author's description of Jewish neoconservatives, who are much more for him than simply Jews without mercy. They are powerful, frightened, vulgar, inauthentic, petulant, and they "lie awake nights entertaining paranoid fantasies about welfare cheats." One might add that Mr. Shorris doesn't really like them. One can surely find Jewish neoconservatives who deserve to be disliked, but that is beside the point. What matters in the present context is their political views, which Mr. Shorris calls "tenets." He lists over fifty of them. Some of them compel the consent of Jewish neoconservatives, not because of the latter's politics but because they are true: "Alger Hiss was guilty." Some are so sensible that one hopes all human beings would assent: "Communism is not good for the Jews." Since it is not good for anyone, why should it be good for Jews? And some can be espoused by nobody in his right mind: "The State of Israel can do no wrong." It should be noted that Mr. Shorris sometimes writes as though the State of Israel can do nothing right.

Perhaps one should not take the tenets Mr. Shorris ascribes to Jewish neoconservatives all that seriously and concentrate on his charge that they pursue the politics of self-interest at the expense of mercy. Now most Jewish neoconservatives do indeed affirm the legitimacy of self-interest—as does the Bible. We are told to love our neighbors as we love ourselves, because only those with a sane self-interest are capable of love. But self-interest need not conflict with decency. A few times, Mr. Shorris recognizes as much. When he is not fulminating—a rare occasion—he advocates the practice of mercy among Jews because it helps them to survive. He might even agree that one has to be alive before one can be merciful.

Most Jewish neoconservatives, then, defend principles of self-interest, not because those principles are holy but because they are useful for securing higher things. Similarly, they look benignly on capitalism not because the latter is sacrosanct, but because of the blessings it has secured for mankind. When Mr. Shorris journeyed East he found that Poland looked "like Illinois before the invention of the tractor" and that Soviet land was "even less efficiently used." He fails to connect what he saw with the practice of socialist economics. Meanwhile capitalist countries grow the grain to feed the hungry, and feeding the hungry is a form of mercy.

By now the falsity of Mr. Shorris's conclusion should be evident. He should be reminded that one can be a neoconservative without being Jewish, a fact he forgets forty or fifty times in his book, but let that go. Jewish neoconservatives are Jewish indeed. Some are good Jews and some are bad Jews, but all are Jews. Some obey most of the 613 commandments—nobody can obey them all. Others are a little weak on religion as a whole, like Sidney Hook, whose work I admire but whose piety I suspect. As a group, they do their best, and one would have to have evidence before one could justly suggest that they are less merciful than a group of, say, liberals, or people of the persuasion of Mr. Shorris, who calls himself a radical. But evidence is not Mr. Shorris's strong suit.

What then *are* his strong points? What can be said *for* Mr. Shorris and his putrid efforts? The time has come to cease being just and to begin to be merciful. One can try to excuse him by arguing that the book's argument is more complex than I have suggested. Indeed it is. Thus Mr. Shorris includes passages that show he really does know his adversaries are really Jews. He also as much as admits that when it comes to charging Jewish neoconservatives with deviating from the immutable Law he is very much a stone-thrower who resides in a glass house. He confirms that he failed to teach the Law diligently to his son, who did not know about the Jewish holidays when he was twelve, and who preferred a trip

Werner J. Dannhauser is a Fellow at the National Humanities Center.

If You Love Words,
you'll love **VERBATIM,** The Language Quarterly, dealing with all aspects of language. Send $7.50 (U.S.) or $8.50 (elsewhere) for a one-year subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased. Allow 6 weeks.
VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 668 AM ESSEX CT 06426 U S A

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the Soviet Union to a Bar Mitzvah, a preference Mr. Shorris abetted. What is more, he tells of his experimentation with a Christmas tree in his home, this advocate of True Judaism.

At times one suspects that the author wishes to contrast his authenticity with the phoniness of his adversaries. But how can one be authentic when one is so ludicrously inaccurate in describing the Judaism one supposedly is defending? For example, it will not do to insist that powerlessness is the essence of the Jewish fate. The Lord promised Jews that they would be a mighty nation and it is safer to view their history as a mysterious experience decreed by a mysterious God.

Mercy may dictate that one cease to think of this book as an argument altogether and to regard it as the work of a poet. Indeed, Mr. Shorris combines his poisonous remarks about Jewish neoconservatives with many stories about his own life. He tells us a good deal about his family and he recounts trips he took to the Soviet Union and to Spain. The reminiscences can be informative but are almost always overly sentimental. The most curious thing about them is that their heavy nostalgia makes it sound as though the author grew up at the turn of the century; the air he describes seems heavy with odors of chicken fat and pickle-brine. Earl Shorris was born in 1936. And when one considers the author as a prose stylist one can best leave it at saying that he writes badly, if only because he writes with inadvertent repetitiveness. Unfortunately he is especially fond of repeating his errors, as when he confuses Jerry Falwell with Bailey Smith not once but three times.

When one considers all the many errors contained in this book one may be tempted to excuse its author on the ground that he must be kidding. A man who locates Social Darwinism in the eighteenth century usually must be taken to signal that he does not wish to be taken seriously. But Mr. Shorris is serious, all too serious. He can be wry, but he hardly ever ascends to wit and he always displays a very profound humorlessness.

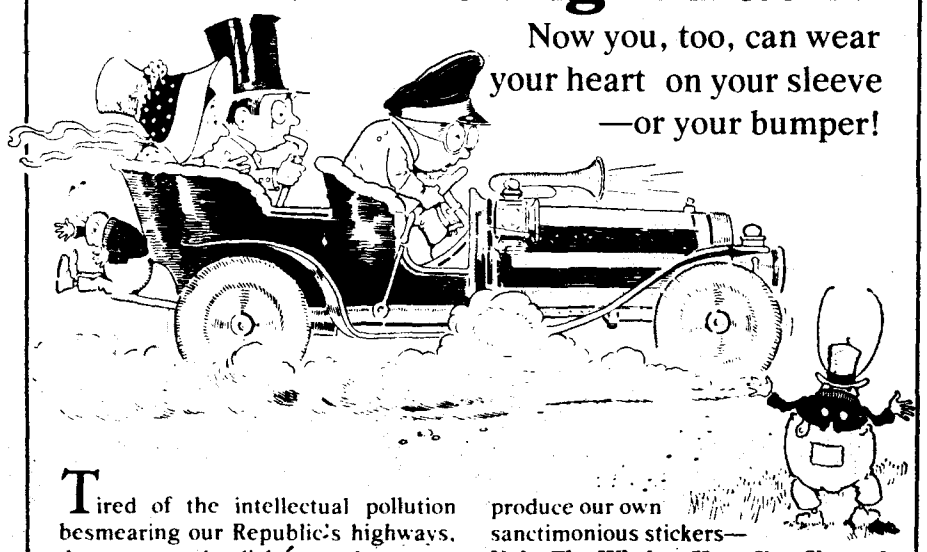
Finally, if one remains determined to show mercy one must insist that when all is said and done ignorance of the law—and the Law—does constitute a kind of excuse. If that is so, then one must go further and say that Mr. Shorris so prodigiously displays his ignorance that he is entitled to much excusing. When it comes to Jewish thought, Mr. Shorris does not know his Hess from his Albo and when it comes to other things he fares somewhat worse. He seems unable to tell the difference between Adam Smith and John Calvin. He does not appear to know that Smith wrote on moral sentiments as well as economics. He mistakenly equates Hasidim and East European Jews. He does not understand that Lord Acton—very much akin, by the way, to the thinkers Mr. Shorris explores—never went beyond saying that power *tends* to corrupt. These blunders are, sad to say, but a representative sample.

If such ignorance cannot excuse everything it might at least suffice simply to dismiss this book, which, contrary to the author's intention, is a thoughtless tirade rather than a lament, though it is surely lamentable. One hopes, indeed, that this book will be dismissed. It merits general oblivion and the specific contempt of those who disagree honorably with the Jewish neoconservatives.

If the book does receive its just deserts, Mr. Shorris may deserve a modicum of pity. His swinish character assassinations of good men and women may then be forgiven because the author does not know what he is doing. What he is doing, of course, is to pollute the atmosphere of public discourse by making it safe for unwarranted attacks on Jews. Can he be forgiven for that? Almost, but not quite, at least not by me. □

Mad as hell? Fight Back!

Now you, too, can wear your heart on your sleeve —or your bumper!



Tired of the intellectual pollution besmearing our Republic's highways, those unseemly cliches on the sporty little Datsuns driven by Ralph Nader's fellow travelers in the white-wine-and-brie set? Are you sick of being assaulted on our otherwise virgin beaches by tired shibboleths on the dirty T-shirts of even dirtier sociology majors? Well, now you can be as self-righteous as they.

That's right, we at The Saturday Evening Club have, at great expense, hired a coterie of unemployed artists, victims of the Reagan Budget Cuts, to produce our own sanctimonious stickers—**Nuke The Whales, Have You Slugged Your Kid Today? Nuclear Plants Are Built Better Than Jane Fonda,** and our favorite, **Caution: I Speed Up For Small Animals.**

If you prefer the personal touch, these hard-laboring Rembrandts have also come up with **American Spectator** windbreakers, T-shirts, and beer mugs, listed below. Order today—just perfect for the back of your pickup truck, someone you love, someone you hate . . .

T-SHIRTS
Please send me my very own **American Spectator** T-shirt. Enclosed is $7.98 per shirt.

	SIZE Large	X Large
Paris Green on White		
Paris Green on Gold		
Paris Green on Light Blue		

Please send me a **Nuke the Whales** T-shirt (Black on Blue). Illustrated, very controversial. Enclosed is $7.98 per shirt.

WINDBREAKERS
Please send me my very own **American Spectator** Turkey Jacket (White on Navy Blue). Enclosed is $15.98 per jacket.

BEER MUGS
☐ Please send me a set of four official American Spectator beer mugs for $34.50. (Beer mugs available only in sets of four.)

BUMPERSTICKERS
Please send me these bumperstickers at $2 each, 3 for $5.
.....Caution: I Speed Up For Small Animals
.....Have You Slugged Your Kid Today?
.....Nuke The Whales
.....Nuclear Plants Are Built Better Than Jane Fonda

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
Return in ten days if not satisfied.

PLEASE PRINT
Name
Address
City
State Zip

The Saturday Evening Club
P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, IN 47402

X2NP

THE GENTLEMAN IN TROLLOPE: INDIVIDUALITY AND MORAL CONDUCT
Shirley Robin Letwin / Harvard University Press / $20.00

Maurice Cranston

Another book about Trollope? There have been at least ten good ones in the past ten years: Trollope himself, by producing no less than 47 novels in 35 years in the spare time of a civil service job, seems to have inspired a corresponding zeal for industry in his admirers. Dr. Shirley Letwin's *The Gentleman in Trollope* is, however, a book altogether unlike the others. It is not literary criticism or commentary or biography; it is not, in one sense, a book about Trollope at all. It is an essay in moral philosophy which uses the novels of Trollope to illustrate its argument, which is, broadly speaking, that morality is not a set of abstract principles but rather a concrete way of life. Dr. Letwin writes about Trollope because his novels depict in detail the thoughts and words and actions of a certain type of person whose character Dr. Letwin wishes to

Maurice Cranston is Professor of Political Science at the London School of Economics.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

explore and explain: the gentleman.

It is a good deal easier to recognize a gentleman than to say what makes him what he is or to define the word "gentleman." Dr. Johnson, that prince of lexicographers, rejected as "whimsical" any derivation of the word other than that of a "man of ancestry"; and this has been the line favored by most compilers of dictionaries: "Gentleman" is defined, for example, in the latest *Oxford English Dictionary* as "a man of gentle birth . . . though not ranking among the nobility." It sounds straightforward enough; but alternative definitions provided by the same dictionaries conflict with this, by stipulating that a gentleman is made by his conduct as distinct from a nobleman who is made by his blood. Sir George Sitwell once pointed out that the earliest use of "gentleman" in England did not designate a member of a particular social class. Dr. Letwin (tactfully avoiding the question of whether that heartless baronet Sitwell could himself be considered a gentleman) agrees; the "gentleman" named in medieval literature, as she puts it, "might be of any rank going"; and the modern gentleman whose character she analyzes cannot, she insists, be correctly understood in terms of blood or class.

Tocqueville and other continental visitors to England were struck by the ease with which a man could move from one class to another in that kingdom; and Dr. Letwin suggests it is just because of this social fluidity that the title of gentleman flourished in England more than elsewhere; it did so "because it had nothing to do with 'class' as defined by birth, occupation, wealth or rank." But what, if not class, does distinguish a gentleman from other men?

The most likely answer might be "manners." Cardinal Newman described a gentleman as one who "carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar, or jolt, in the minds of those with whom he is cast . . . his great concern being to make anyone at their ease and at home." On the other hand, Hazlitt claimed that a person could have the character of a gentleman without having good manners, and Dr. Letwin quotes a Victorian author's assertion that "we all know a man whose manners leave very much to desire, and yet to whom it would be impossible to refuse the title of gentleman." She evidently agrees.

Then, again, leading writers on the subject say, on the one hand, that a gentleman can be recognized by his gentleness and mildness, and, on the other, that he can be recognized by his readiness to stand fast and to fight. Some authors define a gentleman in terms of "simplicity," others in terms of "polish and culture"; some point to his truthfulness, others his tact; some his coolness, others his warmth; some his industry, others his independence from labor; some his elegance of dress, others his indifference to appearance; some explain the gentleman as a unique creation of English civilization, others as something the English drew from European culture, taking more than they gave.

Given all this confusion to be found in definitions of the gentleman, it is understandable that Dr. Letwin has turned away from sources of this kind to study the concept of the gentleman in an author who makes it his business to describe in depth and detail a world where the gentleman lived—and lived moreover in company with people who were sometimes less than gentlemen, so that the differences between the one and the other could be perceived in detail.

Trollope, for a start, never understood the gentleman in terms of birth and blood. Among his *dramatis personae* few come closer to his ideal of the English gentleman than one who is neither English nor male, namely, the Viennese immigrant, Madame Goesler. What is so splendid about her, Dr. Letwin suggests, is her integrity:

> Judged by the consequences of her conduct there is nothing grand or even especially admirable about her. Her moral quality depends entirely on her motives in that her conduct was governed by an unfailingly meticulous respect for the personality of herself and others, and on her remarkable ability to distinguish fine shades in the interpretation and responses available to her, which enabled her never to betray that respect.

Dr. Letwin contrasts Madame Goesler with another of Trollope's women, Lizzie Eustace. In her, "Trollope drew the perfect antipode of a gentleman—someone who is almost wholly devoid of integrity."

If integrity thus seems essential to the character of a gentleman as depicted by Trollope, that author is careful not to put too much trust in manners. Captain Aylmer, for example, in *The Belton Estate* appears as "everyone's idea of a gentleman": He is a cultivated Member of Parliament who shines in the drawing-room, is considerate of others, and scrupulous in the keeping of promises. In truth, he is a cad; and, as Dr. Letwin explains it, this is because:

Who reads The American Spectator?

Steve Tesich, Screenwriter

ALSO: Ronald Reagan, Malcolm Muggeridge, Ben Wattenberg, Peregrine Worsthorne, S.I. Hayakawa, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Henry Kissinger, Clayton Fritchey, Milton Friedman, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Midge Decter, James Q. Wilson, David Brinkley, Woody Allen, Joseph Coors, Irving Kristol, Henry Fairlie, Alan Abelson, Charlton Heston, Senator Jake Garn, Gertrude Himmelfarb, James Hitchcock, Gen. Alexander Haig, Tom Wolfe, James Jackson Kilpatrick, George Gilder, Jack Paar, Donald H. Rumsfeld, George Will, J. Peter Grace, Maj. Gen. George S. Patton, III, Fred Iklé, Philip Crane, George W. Ball, Tom Stoppard, William F. Buckley, Jr., Patrick Buchanan, Albert Shanker, Lewis Lapham, Rowland Evans, Robert Novak, Jude Wanniski, Jack Kemp, William Rusher, Richard M. Nixon, William E. Simon, Malcolm S. Forbes, Jr., Thomas J. Lescher, Norman Mailer, Clare Boothe Luce, Gerald R. Ford, Melvin Lasky, Nelson Polsby, Roger Milliken, Randolph Richardson, Thomas Sowell, Sidney Hook, Jim Fallows, Edith Efron, Gen. A.C. Wedemeyer, James L. Buckley, Elliott Abrams, Lewis Lehrman, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Shmuel Moyal, Huntington Cairns, Eric Hoffer, Anne Armstrong, Norman Podhoretz, Jeff MacNelly, Doris Grumbach, Ernest van den Haag, Paul McCracken, Brock Yates, Ray Price, James Wechsler, James Glassman, John Roche, John Chamberlain, William Safire, Neal Kozodoy, Henry Salvatori, David Meiselman, Martin Peretz, Charles Horner, Edward Banfield, Victor Lasky, Raymond Aron, Roy Cohn, Joseph Hazan, Eugene V. Rostow, Michael Novak, Richard Perle, Hugh Kenner, Frank Shakespeare, William Proxmire, Patrick Cosgrave, Jean-François Revel, Luigi Barzini, Tom Charles Huston, Clay La Force, Fred Silverman, John Lofton, Larry Flynt, M. Stanton Evans, Dana Andrews, Richard Whalen, Richard Lugar, Henry Regnery, Charles Peters, John Lukacs, Leonard Garment, Michael Kinsley, Tom Winter, Nathan Glazer, Alan Reynolds, Antonio Martino, Colin Welch, Robert Bleiberg, Herb Stein, Roger Starr, Walter Goodman, Harry Jaffa, Jeffrey Hart, David Packard, Robert Nisbet, James R. Schlesinger, Thomas Murphy, Suzanne Garment, Roger Rosenblatt, Anthony Harrigan, Robert L. Bartley, David Stockman, Richard Allen, Ernest Lefever, Sen. Paul Laxalt, Joseph A. Califano, Garry Trudeau, David E. Davis, P.J. O'Rourke, William M.H. Hammett, Adin K. Woodward, Robert Lekachman, Leo Rosten, Arthur Laffer, Jerome F. Donovan, and many others.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47402

Please enter a
☐ new
☐ renewal subscription to *The American Spectator* for one year (12 issues) for only $18.

☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me later

Please Print
Name

Address

City

State Zip

X2NM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[H]e regarded his behaviour as a set of signals to establish a certain identity for himself. The motive for his correctness was a desire to get from others the deference normally granted to a gentleman . . . As he found it pleasant to move among gentlemen, he tried to do whatever would make him acceptable. The refinement of his manners and tastes, like his observation of promises, was a performance by an actor who knows what lines he has to speak in order to stay in the show. He is a pure example of someone for whom being a gentleman consists in conforming to a "code," and he is therefore not a gentleman, but a cad.

Whereas most lexicographers dwell on the distinction between a gentleman and a nobleman, Dr. Letwin notes that Trollope ignores it, placing some of his gentlemen in the highest ranks of the aristocracy and others in the more obscure reaches of the middle classes. Trollope's ladies and gentlemen talk a great deal about ancestry, but "as the stories unfold they seem to show that 'blood' does not count." What Trollope does seem to communicate is a respect for social distinction without reverence for "blood." Deference for families of distinguished ancestry "keeps people from forgetting that whatever virtues may be possessed by their contemporaries . . . there are also distinctions of another kind. And for those who are not strong or perceptive enough to rely on their own judgement, a social hierarchy provides a rough guide to whom they will find compatible. It is one of the ways of marking paths through the wilderness of mortal life."

Heredity, then, matters to the gentleman, but it is no essential part of him as is, according to Trollope, and to Dr. Letwin, his integrity and his conduct or his "way of moving about in the world," and what is perhaps not less important, his way of perceiving the world and himself. There is thus much to be learned from Trollope's so-called "political novels," which are not novels about parliamentary adventures, as are those, for example, of Disraeli, but novels about the experiences of gentlemen in politics. Here we find Trollope anticipating, without formulating, a conception of politics close to that of Professor Michael Oakeshott, where politics is seen as an activity without any goal beyond that of keeping things quiet and orderly so as to enable everyone to go about his business in his own way without fear of losing his life, liberty, or property. "The grandeur of politics," as Dr. Letwin puts it, "comes from the importance and not the amount of what is done by a government—more than any other activity, politics is essential to the security of private life."

Hence political life as seen by Trollope is not what Bagehot, for example, spoke of when he described Parliament as a "machine" where conflicting interests intermeshed. Trollope depicts parliamentary life as a sort of game: "There are adversaries, prizes to be won and defeats to be endured, and everyone takes sides. But the participants . . . are not bent on achieving victory by any stratagems at hand; they are out to win by conducting themselves in accordance with certain rules." The great difference between politics and an actual game is that politics is concerned with the real world, and the settling of questions that are of paramount concern to everyone. Politics, as an activity pursued by gentlemen, is a clean game, precisely because the players *are* gentlemen.

I have said that Dr. Letwin's book is not a work of literary criticism, but of moral philosophy. Readers of an earlier book of hers, *The Pursuit of Certainty,* will recall the good opinion she there expressed of David Hume, and Hume's refusal to see man's moral experience as a conflict between reason and passion, in which virtue was supposed to depend on the triumph of man's own passion. In her present book, she goes even further than Hume in the same direction. She rejects the whole Western traditional image of the human being as a compound of reason and passion, of a higher and lower self, the two parts each at odds with the other. It is an image of man which dates back at least as far as Plato; and it has dominated Western moral philosophy as much in its secular rationalistic as in its Christian phases. Indeed, as Dr. Letwin herself points out, it has "shaped our civilisation."

Dr. Letwin squarely rejects this bifurcation of the human person, and she therefore has to develop her moral theory in language which does not assume the reality of what she calls the "self-divided man." It is not easily done. She certainly cannot adopt Hume's alternative to the conception of passion at war with reason, namely, a conception of calm passions prevailing over violent passions to secure the triumph of good over evil, for that leaves the bifurcation of man intact. Nor can she be satisfied with Hume's cheerful skepticism or his bland reliance on habit and custom; she has too scrupulous an *esprit de systeme*—and too little sympathy for what has become customary in the twentieth century for her to adopt or to feel safe in recommending such a posture.

Inevitably the question will be asked of Dr. Letwin: Is not moral philosophy concerned with the search for the universal, and is not the gentleman as we meet him in Trollope's novels a creature limited by time and space, a player in the drama of Victorian England on which the curtain has fallen? As Dr. Letwin herself takes care to remind us, however, she has not written this book to recommend the gentleman as a uniquely admirable archetype but to give us fresh thought about what morality might be. And in this essentially philosophical exercise she has achieved a marked success. It would be hard to think of any other recent contribution to moral speculation bolder and more unexpected, more distinctive and compelling than hers. Critics have for generations been complaining about the habit philosophers have of illustrating ethics with problems of moral choice constructed *in abstracto.* Dr. Letwin follows Hume at least in turning away from theory, with a sigh, to return to the world of experience even if it is only the world of experience the art of a novelist has made intelligible. □

AT DAWN WE SLEPT:
THE UNTOLD STORY OF PEARL HARBOR
Gordon W. Prange / McGraw-Hill / $22.95

INFAMY: PEARL HARBOR AND ITS AFTERMATH
John Toland / Doubleday / $17.95

THE AMERICAN MAGIC:
CIPHERS, CODES AND THE DEFEAT OF JAPAN
Ronald Lewin / Farrar, Straus and Giroux / $14.95

Eliot A. Cohen

Gordon Prange devoted his life to the study of Pearl Harbor. For him, as for many others, the effort to understand the debacle that began America's active role in World War II became an obsession. *At Dawn We Slept,* prepared by two of Prange's students, is an edited version of Prange's 3,500-page manuscript. This massive tome is without doubt the most thorough study of Pearl Harbor ever produced by a single author.

Prange began his work immediately after the war as an official historian in Japan. He sifted the official documents (of which there are literally tons) and interviewed hundreds of Japanese and American military men and civilians. It is not surprising that the resulting book is excessively long and detailed. Like too many popular, narrative military histories (including the following one by John Toland) it buries interesting historical debates in a heap of anecdotes and contrived descriptions. The aim, one supposes, is to give the reader a sense of immediacy, but the effect is to bewilder him with a hail of dates, personages, and facts. Good history—and good military history as much as any other type—requires that the author be willing to raise large questions and argue them out. Nonetheless, if one is willing to skim, the book is worth the effort.

A great merit of the work is Prange's depiction of events on the Japanese side. He patiently pieces together the story of the planning and training that went into the attack on Pearl Harbor. He sketches (but should have devoted more attention to) the strategic argument for the attack, and describes in detail the conduct and consequences of it.

It was an operation so difficult and daring that most of the Japanese high command, including the task-force commander, Admiral Nagumo, opposed it. Whether, as most historians claim (and Americans like to think), it was an act of madness is quite another matter. As Prange suggests, war between the United States and Japan was a question of time—the American oil embargo, our support of China with materiel and men, and our opposition to Japanese expansion in Southeast Asia saw to that. True, the attack on Pearl Harbor mobilized American will in a peculiarly violent and concentrated way, but the United States had mobilized just as effectively in 1917 without the benefit of such a surprise attack. The Japanese would have had to attack American bases no matter what. Their expansion in Southeast Asia (aimed at securing Indonesian oil, Malayan rubber, cutting the overland routes to China, and establishing the East Asian co-prosperity sphere) would have necessitated an attack on the

Eliot A. Cohen is a teaching fellow in the Department of Government of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences at Harvard University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Philippines, because the United States was turning that island chain into a fortified land, air, and naval base. We certainly, and the Japanese probably, expected the new B-17 Flying Fortresses and American submarines based there to cut the supply lines of the Japanese forces advancing on British, French, and Dutch colonies, and even put to torch Japan's wooden cities. An attack on the Philippines would have been, and was, considered an attack on the United States.

Thus, unless Japan repudiated her dreams of Empire and her hold on China, war between the United States and Japan would be inevitable. Before we lightly say that Japan's statesmen should have seen this and renounced her brutal ambitions, let us note that numerous voices warn us today that we must accept, or at least tolerate, the equally barbaric and unreasonable pretensions of the Soviet imperium. Nations, well-armed warrior nations in particular, do not easily make calculations that seem "rational" to liberal statesmen.

Moreover, in the fall of 1941 there was little reason to think that the United States could fight a successful two-front war. It did not appear that the Soviet Union would survive Hitler's onslaught. A German victory in Europe would have freed up Japanese resources on the Russian border, and diverted the Anglo-Americans to the preservation of their position on the periphery of Eurasia and the Mediterranean. The war was going well for the Axis in 1941, a consideration that weighed heavily with the Japanese.

The difficulty then, from the Japanese point of view, was to seize an Empire that the U.S. would either be unable to recover or find too costly to attack at the risk of hundreds of thousands of American lives. The Japanese had no visions of occupying California, and they understood full well the industrial might of the United States. Contrary to myth, they had a healthy respect for the American Navy, and they feared it would strike into the flanks of their complicated, simultaneous attacks on European and American possessions in East Asia. One solution, embodied in Japanese strategy until less than a year before Pearl Harbor, was to harass an advancing American fleet with submarines and then crush it in a decisive naval battle after it had crossed the Pacific.

This plan had its risks: The effectiveness of Japanese submarines was unknown, and the American fleet (in particular its battleships) was among the best in the world. (Unfortunately, Prange does not discuss the American naval building program which would soon—within a year or two of Pearl Harbor—produce an even larger fleet and hence a greater threat.) The Japanese high command, despite its many trepidations, therefore accepted the proposal of relatively junior officers for using an unprecedented massed fleet of six aircraft carriers to smash the American fleet in harbor. This done, Japanese forces could occupy Southeast Asia, reduce the Philippines, and concentrate on their next objectives: the slicing of communications between Australia and America, the occupation of a far-flung island perimeter, and a final battle with the remnants of the American battle fleet. (The first objective was to be frustrated by the battle in the Coral Sea [May 1942] and the third by the brilliant American victory at Midway [June 1942]. The Japanese would, however, achieve their second goal, and force upon the Americans the exceedingly bloody and difficult task of wresting coral atolls from an army of soldiers who—unlike any before or since—were prepared, to the last man, to die rather than surrender.)

The Pearl Harbor operation required the solution of a number of

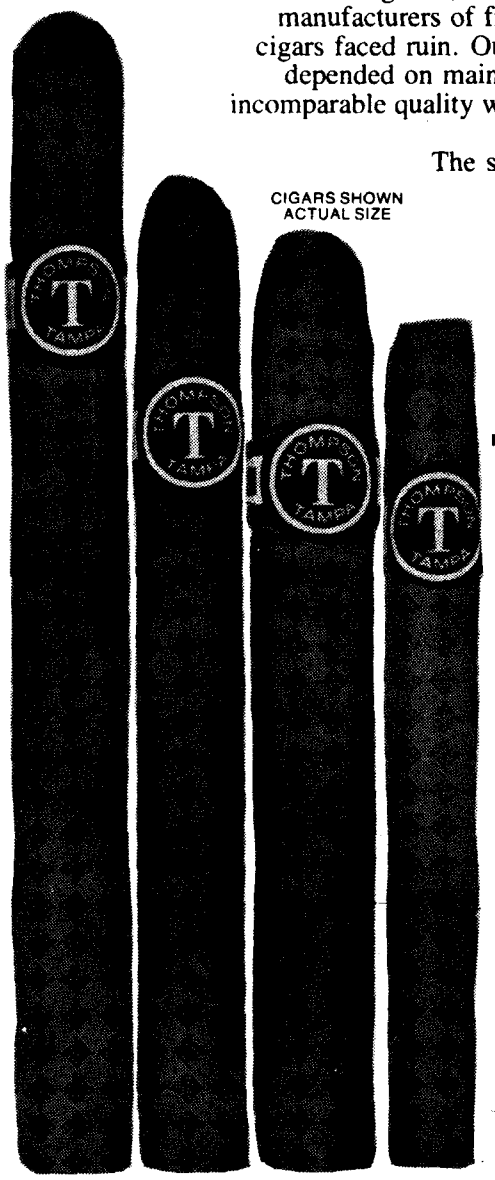
YOU DON'T NEED CASTRO'S PERMISSION TO ENJOY THE UNIQUE HAVANA FLAVOR.

If you remember savoring and lingering over a fantastically mild and flavorful Cuban leaf cigar in the days before the Cuban embargo, you will be interested in this offer — and the story behind it.

When the Cuban embargo hit, we and other small manufacturers of fine custom-made cigars faced ruin. Our very existence depended on maintaining the same incomparable quality we had staked our reputation on.

The solution was pure cloak-and-dagger.

One dark night a few years ago a group of daring Cuban expatriates put to sea carrying a precious cargo of Cuban tobacco seeds. After running a gauntlet of Cuban gunboats they finally reached their destination — Honduras. Here under almost identical conditions of climate and soil, this prime tobacco flourishes to this day, far from its native land. This is the tobacco we use to make our superbly mild and flavorable cigars — cigars an expert can't tell from Havana.



- *"Yours is the only decent cigar I have had in over 12 years," one new customer wrote me the other day.*
- *"Of all the cigars I have smoked, both cheap and expensive, yours is the best of the bunch," wrote another.*
- *"Outstanding! Best cigars I have had since returning from overseas," wrote H.E.O., of Columbia, S.C.*
- *"I am very impressed with the mildness and freshness of the cigar sampler you sent," said J.J.M., of Lincoln, Ill.*

MY OFFER TO CIGAR LOVERS

I will send you postpaid a variety of 50 factory fresh cigars. Smoke one or a half-dozen with my compliments. If these cigars aren't all you expect and a great deal more, return the remainder by parcel post within 30 days and I'll refund your money. No questions asked. Your delivered cost is only $10.90 for 50 Factory-Fresh Cuban Seed Leaf Cigars.

To order, fill in and mail coupon to A796

THOMPSON CIGAR CO.
Dept. A796, 5401 Hangar Court, Box 30303, Tampa, FL 33630

O.K., TOM! Ship me the Thompson Victory Sampler under your money-back guarantee for only $10.90

☐ Check for $10.90 enclosed. (Fla. residents add 4% sales tax.)

Make Mine with This Wrapper:
☐ Candela (Lt. Green)
☐ Natural (Med. Brown)
☐ Charge $10.90 to my
☐ Visa ☐ Master Charge
☐ American Express
☐ Diners Club

Credit Card No. (Print all digits)

Master Charge Also Enter 4 Digits Below Your Acct. No. EXP. DATE

name

address

city (OFFER GOOD IN U.S. ONLY) state zip

CREDIT CARD USERS SPEED DELIVERY BY PHONING

TOLL-FREE 800-237-2559
IN FLORIDA CALL: 800-282-0646

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ticklish technical problems, many not overcome until a few weeks before the attack. Among these were the development of torpedoes that could be dropped by plane into shallow water, and practice in refueling on heavy seas. Prange describes in detail the Japanese commanders' intelligent and persevering efforts to train their men and ready their equipment for this audacious operation.

As we all know, the surprise was complete. Success, however, was not. The American Navy's precious three aircraft carriers *Saratoga, Lexington,* and *Yorktown* were at sea and hence escaped attack: These ships would be vital to America's counter-attacks in 1942. Admiral Nagumo refused to launch a second attack to destroy American oil tank farms and repair facilities. Had he done so, most American admirals agreed, the remnants of the fleet would have had to flee to the West Coast. Nor were the eight smitten battleships lost for good: Before war's end five were salvaged, repaired, and returned to war. As Prange puts it, "Far more quickly and thoroughly than the Americans could have done themselves, the Japanese had kicked the U.S. Navy upstairs into a swift, modern force with the carrier at its heart."

The attack, however, had killed 2,500 men and wounded over a thousand others. Eighteen vessels had either been sunk or badly damaged, and over two hundred airplanes had been hurt or destroyed. The Japanese had caught Pearl Harbor completely unawares. The psychological blow to American pride hurt more badly than the physical ruin inflicted by Japanese airmen. Small wonder that since then Americans, from congressmen to editorial writers, have sought for explanations, refusing to ascribe catastrophe to bad luck, poor judgment, and sheer incompetence.

A depressingly common version of events is that Roosevelt and his top advisers knew about the attack but withheld information about it in order to get America wholeheartedly into the war. John Toland, a popular historian, repeats this accusation in *Infamy*. It is a book which, unlike Prange's, concentrates its attention exclusively on the investigations that followed Pearl Harbor. Virtually all of Toland's evidence is familiar, culled from selective bits of documents. He makes great play of the views of military and naval men bitter about the humiliation of their services at Pearl Harbor, and the maltreatment of the two hapless commanders, Admiral Husband E. Kimmel (Commander in Chief, U.S. Pacific Fleet) and Lieutenant General Walter C. Short (Commanding General, Hawaiian department). Like most books advancing conspiracy theories, it will enjoy unmerited attention and respect.

As common sense and Prange's book show, Toland's explanation is nonsense. The notion that a vast conspiracy (including among its members such paragons of integrity as George C. Marshall) could have been maintained over the years defies a reader's intelligence. As other studies (including Roberta Wohlstetter's brilliant *Pearl Harbor: Warning and Decision,* which Toland never discusses) have argued at length, the pieces of evidence pointing to Pearl Harbor were buried in a mass of contradictory or seemingly more important signals. The fact of the matter is this: The United States in 1941, like Israel in 1973, was surprised because no one would credit its opponent with extraordinary audacity and competence. Indeed, in 1941 the Japanese themselves knew that they were pushing their capacities to the limits.

The American failure at Pearl Harbor was a failure at many levels. Admiral Kimmel failed to send out patrol planes along the northern approaches to the island (the most likely and, indeed, the actual route the enemy would take); General Short failed to prepare the embryonic radar screen and alert system. The American bureaucracy and its members were, as Ronald Lewin wisely points out in *The American Magic,* unready for war:

> December 7, 1941 was for the Americans the equivalent of September 3, 1939 for the British. Up to each of those dates, neither country had faced the stern necessities of war: like all armed services in peacetime, theirs had not yet got into gear.

Kimmel and Short were indeed training their men for war (the Navy to fight its way across the Pacific, the Army to repel an amphibious assault on Oahu), but somehow the grim urgency of wartime necessity had not made itself felt, and the possibility of a carrier assault was not taken seriously. We see this unreadiness even at the lowest level. The awnings were on the antiaircraft guns, ammunition box locks had to be hacked off, crews (with the exception of one ship, the *Indianapolis*) stood to half-strength peacetime watches. On November 27 a war warning had gone out to Hawaii, but, as always, it would take the bitter taste of real war before men would prepare thoroughly to wage it.

Thus, America's extraordinary cryptographic breakthroughs could not rescue America from its opening humiliation. *The American Magic* describes these achievements and their consequences in some detail. Lewin, an extremely able British military historian, has done for the Pacific war what he did for the European war in his excellent *Ultra Goes to War.* Lewin also floods his reader with details which unfortunately will make sense only to those familiar with the course of the war and American military and naval organization. His book will repay a reading, however, for it is the product of a sober and experienced student of military history.

As Lewin points out, "Magic" (the name for our decryptions of the Japanese ciphers) helped enormously throughout the war, particularly in the Solomons, our submarine campaigns, the epic aerial assassination of Japan's best sailor, Admiral Yamamoto, and above all at the battle of Midway, but it was not a military panacea. The "noise" phenomenon (the difficulty of selecting out important from trivial messages) we have seen in connection with Pearl Harbor. Other problems included the "perishability" of information—decrypted messages which could not be taken advantage of—and the problem of discovering the intentions of an enemy maintaining radio silence (e.g., the task force on its approach to Pearl Harbor) or using fake radio nets to deceive or mislead. Furthermore, Lewin observes that "Magic" had nothing to say about some crucial questions of military intelligence, such as the strength and dispositions of the defenders of the Pacific atolls.

For all that, two points should be made here. First, signal intelligence was of more value to the United States in the Pacific war than human intelligence, a fact which should sober some of the critics of America's current intelligence establishment. Second—and more important—"Magic," like "Ultra," could help commanders and fighting men, but could not make their task an easy one. In the Pacific, as in Europe, the Allies faced a cunning, resourceful, and determined foe, who had to be outfought. To be sure, "Magic" helped American commanders know when they could safely bypass enemy fortresses such as Rabaul (a stratagem which, according to Lewin, MacArthur initially *opposed*). But sooner or later the war came down—as it had to—to slugging matches like Guadalcanal, Midway, and Okinawa. At these points courage, ability, and teamwork alone could bring victory. The Japanese were stopped by these factors, not simply by the superior weaponry of a larger industrial power. At Midway, the turning point in the Pacific war, the American fleet was smaller, its airplanes fewer in number and mechanically inferior to those of the enemy. Superior signal intelligence gave Admirals Nimitz and Spruance their chance, but bravery and skill alone gave them victory. □

THE PORTABLE CONSERVATIVE READER
Edited by Russell Kirk / Viking Press / $16.95
Penguin Books / $6.95 paperback

T. John Jamieson

"In the face of questioning classes, every unthinking Conservative endangers what he defends—he is a vexation to the Liberal, and a misfortune to his country." Thus wrote Walter Bagehot in an essay which appears in *The Portable Conservative Reader.* Thirty years ago Russell Kirk wrote *The Conservative Mind*; since then he has become the Conservative Mind. He has continued to define and redefine conservatism because conservatives must understand who they are and what they stand for if they are to repel the organized assaults of liberalism and leftist ideology. Those who might have doubted Kirk's authority in the *Mind* may see the actual primary sources in the *Reader.*

While it substantiates Kirk's vision of conservatism, the *Reader* will, of course, produce informed conservatives. In seven hundred pages there are 57 selections from 44 authors, each selection presenting a unique

T. John Jamieson is a Richard Weaver Fellow at Northwestern University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perception of the conservative soul as that soul reveres tradition, respects custom, distrusts systematic doctrine, and despises demagogy. Rather than a tedious series of tracts in the social sciences, Kirk presents a parade of genuinely literary works: rousing orations, letters, marginalia, poetry, a chapter from Henry Adams's novel *Democracy* and from Gissing's *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*. The intellectual capital of conservatism, as revealed in these pregnant and quotable passages, is awesome, both rhetorically and philosophically.

This guided tour of the conservative heritage (which is very much like a guided tour of Kirk's warehouse-library at Mecosta) begins with fifty choice pages of Burke, to lay the foundations of an understanding of "reflective" conservatism as a critical response to the systematic uprooting of the basis of civilization by ideology, and to show that the conservative accepts change as a condition of life but demands discrimination. A letter of Tocqueville deplores the emergence of the cant of social justice and the perversion of Christian charity as a spiritual exercise into a social obligation enjoined by demagogues. John Adams ridicules the notion of equality for being irrelevant to political reality and the facts of human nature. Federalist Fisher Ames decries the threat of democracy to the new constitution, and dryly observes, "While the passions of the multitude can be conciliated to confer power and to overcome all impediments to its action, our rulers have a plain and easy task to perform. It costs them nothing but hypocrisy." As Kirk's anthology attests, conservatives deny that democracy has any metaphysical imperative: For them, at best, a system of elected representatives may be expedient toward the end of governing by consensus; at worst it becomes mob rule and imperils the preservation of a culture.

Paul Elmer More's essay "Property and Law" stands as a challenge to the sentimental humanitarians with its italicized declaration that *"the rights of property are more important than the right to life"*; for property is the basis of civilization, and there can be no security for life without the security of property. In a chapter from *Democracy and Leadership*, Irving Babbitt muses on the legacy of Burke and is shown doing what he does best, tracing ideas back to their sources: Rousseau for the revolutionary ideology of modern sentimental humanitarians, Bacon for the modern worship of science and cult of material progress. Thus the *Reader* acknowledges the roots of the American "intellectual" conservative.

The conservative force which Burke called the "spirit of religion" recurs as a theme, and C.S. Lewis, in a passage headed "The Poison of Subjectivism," considers the importance of a belief in the existence of truth to the survival of a free society. Irving Kristol declares that "the enemy of liberal capitalism today is not so much socialism as nihilism." Malcolm Muggeridge is heard on "The Great Liberal Death Wish." In conclusion, Kirk speaks personally of shoring fragments against one's ruins, buying early editions of the classics in Scotland as cheap as waste-paper that a scholar during the Renaissance would have given his hide for.

Kirk's introduction to the *Reader* is reasonably objective. Under the heading "Misapprehensions of Conservatism," he demonstrates his thorough experience with the generic errors, confusions, and misunderstandings of liberal intellectuals and with the popular sophistries through which the masses are deluded, by demagogues and by themselves. There exist only so many vulgar

In earlier epochs, a critic tormented only the writers...

Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting.

Laurence Sterne

In ours, he torments everybody.

Recently a middle-aged father published a book about his sordid adventures in massage parlors, wife-swapping communes and the worlds of easy sex and prostitution. The critics were grateful to Gay Talese. *Newsweek* said that "Talese's research has an awesome solidity about it." *Vogue* was proud of "... Gay's triumph over the puritanical strictures of Ocean City, strictures that so inhibited him that he didn't even masturbate until his second year in college." And the *Chicago Tribune* — a newspaper respectable primarily in its own eyes—turned its enthusiasm into promotion by running excerpts of *Thy Neighbor's Wife* for Chicagoland families to read.

The state of literary criticism today strongly confirms Laurence Sterne's warning: the cant of criticism *is* the most tormenting. To make things worse, the modern media have transformed the critic into a midwife of mass consciousness. Regardless of what we wish to know or ignore, we live with cultural events and their consequences —as interpreted by the modern critic. Sadly, what passes for "cultural criticism" in *Time, Esquire, Chicago Tribune, Ladies Home Journal,* et al., amounts to an elitist, moral shoddiness.

The Critical Difference

In *Chronicles of Culture,* we feel there is a need for a counterpoise to those who judge cultural offerings without giving any thought to the impact of messages which are liberated from all codes of moral and intellectual responsibility. We firmly believe that culture, books, movies, behavioral trends—their meaning and success—deeply affect man's preferences and, consequently, his sense of moral and social order. We are not timid when we confront the liberal cultural cant. *The National Review* remarked that we, *"Go for the jugular. . . . Chronicles* reports on the reporters, and reviews the reviewers. Its verdicts have not been kind."

The Critical Response

In every issue, we challenge the dominant cultural establishment on what it preaches about culture, politics and social matters. Malcolm Muggeridge observed that "... in *Chronicles of Culture* the Consensus assumptions—that the *New York Times* is a great newspaper, that the South Africans are uniquely the villains of our time, that President Reagan is an idiot, that all good men and true build their hopes on disarmament talks with Mr. Brezhnev, etc. etc. etc.—are blissfully absent." Tom Wolfe said about our work, "It has been a pleasure to watch Leopold Tyrmand and the *Chronicles of Culture* confront—à la Orwell—the smelly little orthodoxies of our time." And from the *London Times*, "... it is a relief to receive an American publication which puts forward another view. ... [*Chronicles*] displays a pleasantly open and ironic position. ... Who, among the liberal monopoly of power in this sphere, will reply to Tyrmand?"

If you care about *la différence,* send for your subscription today.

MAIL TO:
Chronicles of Culture
934 N. Main St.
Rockford, IL 61103

☐ **Check for $18.00 enclosed (twelve monthly issues).**
☐ **Bill me.**

NAME **(Please print)**
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE **ZIP**

AS7

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

errors, and over the years Kirk has confronted each one and all its variations many times. His intimate knowledge of the treacheries of the human heart would make him an excellent inquisitor; he is, however, too charitable a man to perform this function, except in two or three recalcitrant cases where the parties either ought to know better or are wilfully perverse.

Curious liberals will find, in perusing the *Reader*, that the Conservative Mind is not the flat cerebrum of the Neanderthal: It is a literary mind vivified by the moral imagination, not mystical but reverent. Insofar as liberalism seeks to enslave us to the tyranny of material wants and class envy, it is the liberal who is the New Neanderthal. □

EDITORIAL
(continued from page 6)

more curious about the present condition of those six drunks from the War for 1508 Flatbush Avenue. Are they still in their cups? Were they out to deny the solon Holtzman usufruct of her office space? Have they moved on to high positions in government or at one of the giant corporations? My guess is that a lot of my fellow Americans would find news of these nocturnal patriots equally as engrossing as the present condition of the Watergate rascals.

According to *Time*, several of them have become gentlemen of letters. Two are involved in Christian endeavor. Others are in retirement, and some prosper on the campus lecture circuit. One is obviously *non compos mentis*—what a hot commodity he might be on the campus circuit; doubtless tenured positions would await him: head of Watergate Studies at Berkeley, Annenberg Fellow in Telecommunications; university faculties abound with such weird appointments. Taking one thing with another I doubt the Watergate rascals fared worse than any other cross section of American politicians. Certainly they fared no worse than their congressional opponents.

After the resignation of Richard Nixon I used to keep meticulous records of the destinies of his opponents. In surprising numbers they met with unenviable ends. By late 1979 nearly fifty of them had been indicted, convicted, or forced to lie low. Some simply wobbled off and died. After 1979 I could no longer keep count of the carnage but came to the conclusion that Richard Nixon's powers were far more diabolical than his opponents had imagined. To cross him was to put oneself under the power of some supernatural hangman. Review the historical record: His enemies have come to tragic ends far more often than his friends whose trips to the hoosegow are so celebrated.

Do last month's journalistic orgies mean that we are now going to commemorate the anniversaries of every dramatic moment in the 26-month Watergate Spectacular? Any nation that can take pleasure in such trashy displays as "The Dukes of Hazzard" and "The Phil Donahue Show" probably contains enough lunkheads to relish yet more Watergate drivel, and certainly my brethren in the media will look forward to this sort of insane pageantry. It was Watergate that allowed them to raise themselves to their bogus eminence as democracy's priesthood. Yet Watergate as celebrated today is a mere folk tale.

Its preeminent myth is that Watergate was the consequence of the high moralism animating American political life. Even the cynical Europeans believe this myth, and they snicker at us for it. Actually the pack that lit out after the American President was not animated by moralism at all. It wanted Nixon's hide. Doubtless many knew what we all know now, namely: that dirty tricks, abuse of power, exploiting indelicate political intelligence, and cover-ups have in varying degrees been features of American political life going back to the time of FDR at least. Such foul behavior is characteristic of highly politicized times, and the times have been highly politicized for most of the past four decades. Moreover, the politicization will continue so long as government remains a lush source of influence and boodle. The Watergate shenanigans were part of the informal morality of American politics. Arguably the morality was practiced more broadly than during earlier administrations, though the more I learn about the Johnson Administration I begin to doubt even this. Many of those who broke with the informal morality of American politics, pretending it never existed, were sufficiently cynical to rank with any European.

But it is said that many salutary reforms came with Watergate. Those of us who have watched the parade of chiselers move from government into the calaboose in a steady and tawdry parade since Watergate are not convinced. Some of us know that the major theme of Henry Kissinger's recent memoir is sound. The Watergate spectacle weakened the American presidency. The Paris agreement was undone, and the Soviets could spring to life in Angola, Ethiopia, South Yemen, Afghanistan, and Poland. Who commemorates these anniversaries? □

SIMON
(continued from page 20)

tenance of amenity values. This reason is likely to be particularly compelling if the objective is to shape national policies for agricultural land preservation. Threats to our ability to feed ourselves and meet our felt obligations to a hungry world are more likely to mobilize a political response to pressure agricultural land than threats to the pleasures of a Sunday afternoon drive through the countryside.

The concern for farmland preservation is not a new phenomenon. Years ago, various individuals and organizations began to campaign for zoning changes and other farmland preservation laws. But once Washington politicos jumped onto the issue with both feet, the scale of these activities increased dramatically.

In 1979, the Carter Administration established the National Agricultural Lands Study, a joint effort of the Council on Environmental Quality and the Department of Agriculture, with the participation of a flock of other government agencies, including eight Departments, the Environmental Protection Agency, and the Water Resource Council. (The more government agencies that back a project, the more confidence the electorate is supposed to have in the project.) Appointed to head up NALS was Robert Gray, former aide to Congressman James Jeffords of Vermont, who had once sponsored an unsuccessful farmland preservation bill. NALS proceeded to publicize the three-million-acre figure, as well as many other dubious claims—even though members of NALS's own research staff made it very clear to Gray that their studies did not substantiate such claims.

Information on internal criticism of NALS comes from Michael Brewer, head of the research staff, and is corroborated by another member of that staff. According to the staff member, "The politicos didn't give a damn what the data said. The reports cast doubt on the scarcity of farmland, but that didn't find its way into the Final Report, which was 180 degrees away from the research input in many cases." Brewer seems to have just about disavowed the NALS findings: "Efforts to determine the 'nature, rate, extent and causes of reduction in the land base' led NALS into a morass of inconsistent and conflicting numbers that left issues possibly more confused than previously."

In the final days of the Carter Administration there arose an organization called the American Farmland Trust, which began to solicit funds to preserve farmland, but without saying how the money would be used.* After the defeat of the Carter Administration, the names of Robert Gray and Carter Secretary of the Interior Cecil Andrus appeared as prominent functionaries of American Farmland Trust.

Lest the reader think my views unusual or out of the mainstream, I wish to conclude by citing some of the nation's leading agricultural economists. Marion Clawson of Resources for the Future says straight out: "We're not very worried around here about the loss of prime farmland."† Clifton B. Luttrell of the St. Louis Federal Reserve Bank finds "there is no evidence that the quantity of cropland is shrinking or that shortages of food are imminent. Furthermore, even if the alleged problem did exist, there is no evidence that it could be solved more efficiently by social planning than by market participants."

Philip Raup, of the University of Minnesota, sees the issue not as one

*Readers might be interested in a letter from American Farmland Trust to Robert J. Kelly, who had inquired about the claims made by the Trust in a direct mail package. I am grateful to Mr. Kelly for bringing this to my attention.

Rather than refute the logic of Professor Simon that you brought to our attention, I would encourage you to consider carefully the findings of the National Agricultural Lands Study that will be presented to President Carter shortly after January 1, 1981. My reasoning on this is quite simple. Julian Simon represents the thinking of himself only—we do not know his personal objectives for furthering his positions. On the other hand, the work of NALS represents the collective analysis of some of the most knowledgeable people in this country on the issue of agricultural land use. These analysts have access to the best and latest data on the topic, and have been charged with painting the most realistic picture possible of present farmland conditions for the president.

The American Farmland Trust does not want you, or anyone else, to simply take our word that the loss of American farmland is a real and growing threat to our national well-being. Please listen to and study the words of national experts. Write to:

National Agricultural Lands Study
Room 5020
New Executive Office Building
Washington, D.C. 20006

†A more complete statement of Clawson's point of view: "Preservation of prime agricultural land is important, but so is the preservation of land prime for other uses. Agricultural land use must be viewed in a wider context than agricultural alone. Prime land is important, but so are all the other inputs in the agricultural production equation. Agricultural research in particular must be fostered and protected."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of cropland versus built-up land, but rather of cropland versus forest, and adds, "The short-term prospect is for a substantial reduction in the pressure of urban demand on rural lands." Pierre Crosson described the consensus reached at a recent Resources for the Future Conference as follows: "While one should not be complacent about the agricultural land issue neither is it a matter of pressing current national concern."

Toward the end of his discussion of "Urban Encroachment on Rural Areas," geographer John Fraser Hart asks: "If urban encroachment on rural land is not a serious problem in the United States, then why has so much arrant nonsense been written and spoken on the subject?" His own answer is a fitting way to end this discussion: "It is all too easy for the layman to generalize New York to the entirety of urban America or to believe that the unique agricultural situation in parts of California is typical of the entire nation. Some people seem to want to believe that the world is going to hell in a handbasket, and some simply do not know any better than to repeat what they have read or what someone has told them." □

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 2)

Ireland" noted that the Irish "hath had the use of letters very auntiently and long before England," and the medievalist Arsene Darmesteter noted, in what is a common refrain: "The renaissance began in Ireland several hundred years before it was known in Italy. And Armagh, the ecclesiastical capital of Ireland, was at one time the metropolis of civilization.". . . *Item:* "Ireland was the only major Western nation that did not build a single university during the Middle Ages," says Sowell, in *Race and Economics,* citing as authority for this fatuity those eminent medievalists, Glazer and Moynihan (*Beyond the Melting Pot*), who prudently cite no one. . . . To begin with, and depending upon how one defines "major Western nation," it would appear that Ireland was in good company. Present day Holland, Switzerland, Scotland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Yugoslavia all built their first universities (as did Ireland) after the Middle Ages. But that is beside the point. What is objectionable is that Sowell's statement—standing alone, out of historical context, and without explanation—is highly misleading in its obviously intended implications. Until comparatively recent times, the Irish were a pastoral people, not farmers or city and town dwellers like their English and Continental contemporaries. Pastoral people not only do not build universities, they don't even build the towns and cities that provide the essential centers from which universities spring. (Ask a Lapp.) Ireland's "universities" were in her monasteries and monastic schools—those luminous centers of intense intellectual life and Western Christian culture whose far-ranging sons almost singlehandedly kept alive Western civilization throughout Europe for centuries after the Roman withdrawal. As the Frenchman Roger Chauvire notes in his excellent history of Ireland: "The Irish monasteries, Clonard, Clonmacnois, Armagh, then later Bangor and Lindisfarne, were the centers not only of spiritual, but also of intellectual, life . . ."

If Thomas Sowell's slipshod and misleading handling of the Irish and Irish-Americans reflects the level of his scholarship generally, he may turn out to be one of the fastest disappearing pop economists in recent memory.

—Leo Kearney O'Drudy, Jr.
Vienna, Virginia

Antony Flew replies:

Since I myself only quoted the remark as something which "Sowell makes bold to say" I need accept no responsibility for its accuracy. But I am delighted to have the chance of saying now that it seemed and still seems to me to be at worst misleading rather than outright false. As I trust that I made clear in my sentence introducing that quotation, Sowell was making a point about the differences between the Irish and the Jews at the time of their arrival in the USA. And to this point facts about the enormous Irish achievement in maintaining the tradition of monastic learning during the Dark Ages immediately after the collapse of the Roman Empire is not directly relevant. □

SAVE UP TO 90% ON PERFUMES

We've created our versions of Opium, Bal A Versailles, Joy, Oscar de la Renta, 1000, L'Air du Temps, Chloe, Shalimar, Norell, Halston Night, etc. at **$16.00** per oz. plus $2.00 delivery charge first bottle, 50 cents each additional one. Men's colognes too. Send for free sample and fragrance list.

Essential Products Co., Inc.
90 Water St., Dept. A
New York, NY 10005
212-344-4288

Serving Wall Street area since 1895

Fill in those gaps!

Are you missing back issues of **The American Spectator?** If so, you may have missed thought-provoking essays by William F. Buckley, Jr., Jude Wanniski, Malcolm Muggeridge, Milton Friedman, and many of your other favorite writers. You may be without our special articles on radical Protestantism, "sleazy" TV, supply-side foreign policy, and an exposé of William Shawcross's **Sideshow.** It is even possible that an editorial from our award-winning editor, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., eluded you.

If you want to see what some of today's most lively and interesting writers had to say on these and many other topics, or if you want to get extra copies of a favorite issue, place your order today and fill the gaps in your collection of **The American Spectator.** We must warn you that some issues are in limited supply because of reader demand. Use this handy order form and send for your back issues today.

Send for your favorite back issues today. Simply use this form, or a reasonable facsimile, and send with your check or money order.

☐ Please send ..... bound editions of volume 14 (January through December 1981) at $35 each.

Volume 11, 1978
☐ #1 Tenth Anniversary Issue
☐ #2 Andrew Young
☐ #3 Sigmund Freud
☐ #4 Bakke and the Legal Profession
☐ #5 William Sloane Coffin, Jr.
☐ #6 Gore Vidal
☐ #7 Isaac Bashevis Singer
☐ #8 Richard Nixon
☐ #9 Leonid Brezhnev
☐ #10 Henry Kissinger
☐ #11 Jimmy Carter
☐ #12 Teddy Kennedy

Volume 12, 1979
☐ #1 Jerry Brown
☐ #2 Douglas MacArthur
☐ #3 Irving Kristol
☐ #4 FTC vs. Children's TV
☐ #5 Joseph Heller
☐ #6 Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss
☐ #7 Tom Wolfe
☐ #8 Winston Churchill
☐ #9 Boat People
☐ #10 Franklin D. Roosevelt
☐ #11 Norman Podhoretz
☐ #12 Fidel Castro

Volume 13, 1980
☐ #1 Khomeini
☐ #2 Norman Mailer
☐ #3 John Connally
☐ #4 Naderism
☐ #5 John Anderson
☐ #6 Barry Commoner
☐ #7 Ronald Reagan
☐ #8 Ramsey Clark
☐ #9 PLO
☐ #10 Jimmy Carter
☐ #11 Foreign Policy Issue
☐ #12 Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn

Volume 14, 1981
☐ #1 E.L. Doctorow
☐ #2 Jimmy Carter's Official Portrait
☐ #3 Qaddafi
☐ #4 Valery Giscard D'Estaing
☐ #5 Marxism
☐ #6 George Orwell
☐ #7 Shawcross vs. Rodman
☐ #8 Alan Alda
☐ #9 Jacobo Timerman
☐ #10 Lee Harvey Oswald
☐ #11 The Gaudy Game of Human Rights
☐ #12 Richard Nixon

Volume 15, 1982
☐ #1 Michael Foot
☐ #2 Betty Friedan
☐ #3 Reagan Year One
☐ #4 Poland
☐ #5 The New Nietzsche

Please rush me the back issues checked above. (The Tenth Anniversary issue is $2.50, all other back issues are $2). Postage and handling included.

Enclosed is my check for $_____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

X2NN

The American Spectator
P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURRENT WISDOM

The New York Times

Adult commentary from Miss Leslie J. Miller, copywriter for the venerable Ketchum Communications advertising agency:

Fearing the horror of nuclear holocaust, Americans are planning for it today as they have at no time since the 1950s and early 1960s. For me, their doomsday plans bring back jarring memories of a childhood made less secure by the cold war.

The 50s, an era now shown to us as meetings in malt shops and endless rides in dad's jalopy, profoundly influenced what later became known as the "60s generation." It seems strange that in analyses of my generation that I've read, emphasis is placed on events that occurred quite late in our development. We're told Vietnam segmented, defined and involved us—that Watergate disillusioned us and eventually resulted in our retreat into the self. But little is made of those far more crucial years of childhood when the cold war flourished.

We heard the words "cold war" and, since children understand things literally, "war" meant war—the temperature of it didn't mean anything. We watched as Khrushchev pounded his shoe and we . . .

[*June 12, 1982*]

The Washington Post

Dynamic political happenings within the Democratic party just months before it captures the heart and mind of the sorely pressed average Joe:

A group of homosexual political activists announced yesterday the formation of the Langston Hughes-Eleanor Roosevelt Democratic Club, to rival the Gertrude Stein Democratic Club, currently the city's leading gay political group.

The formation of the new club is in part an outgrowth of long simmering frustration in the gay community with the Stein club, most of whose members are white males and which rose to prominence with its key support of Mayor Marion Barry in the 1978 elections.

In 1978, Barry was the near unanimous choice of gay activists. In this year's election, however, nearly every candidate has some gay supporters.

[*June 18, 1982*]

The New York Times Book Review

In the scenic pages of the nation's most authoritative book review the novelist Miss Cynthia Ozick responds to the question "what book are you working on?" and reveals that within her there is an idiotic schoolgirl that only the hemlock can silence:

Here are 54 pages of a novel begun some time ago, still breathing, with a live protagonist. I'm reading it over. It is an imagining entwined with dark history, and I'm afraid of it. I see how much I don't want this woman who wants me. When I deserted her, she seemed old; now I am creeping up on her age. "Come over!" she calls. Then a garble: Is it "Set me free!" she's calling? But I will not come over. She has been in hopelessness and in catastrophe, and thrashes. I can't bear, just now, to live with a thrasher. I can't swallow down her sorrow. I'll begin from scratch: another idea. But what? Here I am with "Emma" again; with the mowing scene in "Anna Karenina" again. It is a dream of clarity, illumination, virtue, family joy. Oh, admit it—the dream of happiness! I want to invent virtue and happiness!

[*June 6, 1982*]

The Great Books Series

From the jacket blurb of another social science marvel an ingenious explication of terrorism sure to make the blood boil and the hair stand on end:

Schmid and de Graat view terrorism as a form of communication in itself, a way of ensuring public attention and of channelling messages. 'Insurgent terrorism,' they conclude, 'is not senseless violence but a symptom that something is wrong with communication.'

Violence As Communication
by Alex P. Schmid and Jonny de Graaf
[*Sage Publications, 1982*]

Campus Report

Campus Report, a publication for the Stanford University faculty and staff, apprises Stanford intellectuals of still more sources of illumination:

A Tuesday noon lecture series on *Women and Health*, sponsored by Stanford Medical School's Division of Family Medicine, began yesterday, Jan. 5, with a talk by clinical psychologist Mary Ann Tyson, Ph.D., on "Strategies for Life Enrichment."

All lectures, open to the public without charge, will take place in room M106 in the School of Medicine. The remaining presentations include:

- Jan. 12—Exogenous Hormones and Women's Health—with Jane Zones, Ph.D., a public health sociologist and researcher.
- Feb. 2—Mothers and Children: Seeking Health in an Unhealthy World—with Julie Olsen Edwards, director of the Department of Early Childhood and Family Life Education, Cabrillo Community College.
- Feb. 9—Holistic Spirituality and Well Being—with Alla Bozarth-Campbell an Episcopal priest, gestalt therapist, and feminist poet.

[*January 6, 1982*]

The Nation

An elegant notification posted with an exotic picture in the personal section of the *Nation*, the man's magazine:

Faithful, Affectionate. Home-loving Oriental ladies looking for sincere and loving husband $10.00 will bring you over 300 sample photos and descriptions and all the information you need for joining our club. If you aren't overwhelmed by our ladies, if you decide not to join us right away, just return the photos and other materials, we'll refund your $10.00 no questions asked. Send your payments to: Cherry Blossoms, Box 1021 N, Honokaa, Hawaii 96727.

[*April 24, 1982*]

The Boston Globe

While patrolling the upper regions of American *Kultur* a morally aware reader of the *Boston Globe* finds infamy on ice:

I took my 3½-year-old daughter to Disney's World on Ice. She loved it, but I was disgusted and dismayed by part of one routine which featured four men, each leading two women who were in harnesses. Each man had a whip. Obviously, the women represented horses, or some other four-legged creature. It was the "naturalness" of the sex roles that disturbed me, i.e., it looked natural for men to be leading, and driving, women (with whips, no less). I'm sure everyone would've thought it very funny if the women had been driving the men.

At first I thought the inclusion of this whole obnoxious scene didn't matter much—after all, I'm sure most people didn't notice anything wrong with it. But that's exactly the problem. My daughter, and thousands of other children, were getting the message that women are no better than dumb animals; are meant to be led around by men, and deserve physical violence from time to time to keep us in line.

Sexism must be fought on all fronts; the cultural front is only one of them, but it, too, deserves our attention.

[*March 6, 1982*]

Commonweal

Commonweal, the mouthpiece for Catholics without beads, heaves a barb at our Ron during a moment of Delphic pish posh:

Ronald Reagan may turn out to be one of the most important figures in the history of the American Catholic church. That church has begun an examination of conscience on the issue of nuclear armaments that could, in the end, drastically alter the stance of American Catholics toward their society and their state.

[*March 12, 1982*]

The Washington Post

Glad Tidings from Moscow on the rise of another humanist from the ranks of the Soviet Union's bureau of social work:

Yuri Andropov, elevated today to the Secretariat of the Soviet Central Committee, has been described by some Western analysts as a well-educated and enlightened man—even a closet liberal—despite the stigma attached to his post as head of the KGB security police.

[*May 25, 1982*]

The New York Times Magazine

The *New York Times Magazine* retails the happy triumph of a 1980s Don Juan:

"When you can talk about a problem, you can begin to talk yourself out of it," says [Tom] Schroeder, who has been through one of the discussion groups. "The group made me feel less unique. It put things into perspective. It helped make me feel that I'm not a herpie—I'm a Tom."

Herpes outbreaks still complicate Schroeder's social life. But he does not cancel dates anymore. And he says he has never been rejected by a prospective lover whom he has told about his herpes, probably because he tells only those whom he genuinely trusts and who are likely to trust him. Today, he says, the disease is simply a periodic annoyance, not an eternal curse.

Nevertheless, herpes has changed Tom Schroeder's life. He has become "choosier" about his sex partners, placing more value on the quality of commitment and less on the quantity of sex. And he feels that American society is moving in the same direction. "There will be more stress on having fewer and deeper relationships," Schroeder predicts.

[*February 21, 1982*]

The Nation

Catnip and nuclear freeze induce counter-revolutionary visions at the incomparable *Nation*. Man the mimeograph machines. The KGB is undone:

How can we put pressure on leaders in the undemocratic East, so that they will feel their people's longing for peace and freedom? Why not a letter-writing campaign? This does not mean letters to their leaders—rather, millions of letters from ordinary people in the West to their counterparts in the Soviet bloc. Let us procure phone books and address lists from Moscow, Leningrad, East Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw, Krakow, Bucharest, Budapest, Prague. Let us distribute the lists of names at peace demonstrations in Western Europe and North America; there could be pairings of cities, or factories, or agricultural communities from which individuals could choose names. Each of us would become responsible for one of them. A form letter could be drawn up and translated into every relevant language. Translators could be provided to handle the replies and draft the counterreplies.

Who knows what would happen next? Some letters might be stopped—but they can't stop all of them. There is already a burgeoning disarmament movement in East Germany, and one of Solidarity's last public statements called for decreased military spending to help salvage the Polish economy. A groundswell, grass-roots movement around the issue of nuclear disarmament could conceivably provide the basis for a widening democratizing movement throughout Eastern Europe—just as it could here.

[*June 26, 1982*]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

classified

POSITIONS WANTED

HARD WORKING individual, veteran BA Political Science, seeks Paralegal position in NYC. c/o Box AB, The American Spectator.

OPPORTUNITIES

MAKE HOMEMADE BOOKLETS. I've earned $187,000 with mine. Free information: Wren, Box 548, Woodville, TX 75979

MEXICAN INVESTMENTS? Do you have Mexican investments or bank deposits? Interested in the outlook for the peso? You should be reading MEXLETTER. For a free copy write: MEXLETTER, Apartado 1335, Mexico, D.F., 06000, Mexico, or call (905) 511-5470.

SERVICES

MYERS' Professional Editing, Rewriting, Revising, Typing. Box 1019, South Pasadena, CA 91030.

Business, Historical, Sociological and Political mini-reports performed. Send only $150.00 with request. If request is declined a full and prompt refund will be made. However, receipt of report will be considered acceptance of sale and refunds will not be made. Make check or money order payable to: Boone Research, 1669 S. Voss, Suite 261, Houston, Texas 77057.

BOOKS

CONSERVATIVE Out-of-Print Books: Buckley, Kirk, Solzhenitsyn, Evans, Muggeridge, etc. For list send stamped, addressed envelope: Box 549, Iowa City, IA 52244.

PLAY THE PIANO SOON. Mature adults only. I taught myself and I'm confident I can teach you. Solid musical approach. For the serious and intelligent. Free information. Canon, P.O. Box 326, Mercer Island, WA 98040.

BENT WORLD by Ron Elsdon, Ph.D., Cambridge, provides a Christian response to the "environmental crisis." $5.95 ppd. NEW LIFE BOOKS, 116 East First, Port Angeles, WA 98362.

McGUFFEY READERS, replica 1879 edition. Nostalgic set; fine literary selections; engravings. Seven books, hardbound, $29 postpaid. STELLA MARIS BOOKS, Box 11483AS, Fort Worth, Texas 76110.

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS; BARGAIN BOOKS. 2,000 titles, all subjects! Free catalog: Hamilton's, 98-74 Clapboard, Danbury, CT 06810.

OLD MAP KITS
Consisting of old State, Railroad, County & Civil War maps. 70-120 years old. All States. Stamp for Catalog. Northern Map Co., Dept. SP, Dunnellon, FL 32630.

BOOKS

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. AST, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York 10011.

JESUS FICTIONAL! Flavius Josephus created Jesus, authored Gospels. Positive proof: booklet, $3.00—Vector, Box 6215-S, Bellevue, WA 98007.

PERIODICALS

THE INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY provides an international forum for the exploration of responsible, articulate alternatives to the positivist-analytical, Marxist, and narrowly academicist trends of contemporary philosophy. Recent and planned issues: Leo Strauss, Modernity, Eric Voegelin. Special introductory subscription—$9.75 (students, $6.50), or write for free information: 38, rue St.-Louise-en-l'Ile, F-75004S Paris, France.

MAGAZINE & NEWSLETTER SAMPLES . . . only 50 cents each. Over 145 publications, covering a wide range of interests, to choose from. For free descriptive list send a stamped addressed envelope to Publishers Exchange, P.O. Box 1368, Dept. 129A, Plainfield, NJ 07061.

INFORMATIONAL PAMPHLETS

"PREVENTING NUCLEAR WAR: A FEW SIMPLE FACTS." Support Reagan's nuclear war-prevention policy: distribute this brochure to friends, coworkers, in your community. FREE! Specify quantity desired. 413 East Capitol, Washington, D.C. 20003.

MERCHANDISE

BROOKLYN BRIDGE Certificate of ownership poster. 18" x 24". Perfect executive gift. Only $15 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sid E. Slicker, 220 Pelham Road, New Rochelle, NY 10805.

MISCELLANEOUS

VALID PASSPORT for two years outside issuing country. Send $250 and personal info for us to call you. El Punto Costarricense, Box 90, Paseo Estudiantes 1002, Costa Rica.

PERSONAL NEWSPAPER HEADLINES! Great Gift for VIP's, et al. Birthday, Anniversary, Retirement, Travel. FREE INFO—SASE TO: PANDA PRESS, 207 E. 85th St., Suite #448, New York, NY 10028.

ATTENTION
BOOKSELLERS / NEWSSTANDS
The American Spectator is available for newsstand distribution. If you own a retail store and would like more information write or call:
Lisa Scott
Eastern News Distributors
111 Eighth Avenue
New York, New York 10011
(212)255-5620

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR MANY OF US the present herenow would be the worst hereafter imaginable but it may be the only one. At least we'll never die. Send SASE to no nonsense, arithmetically sound, HEREBEFORES, Box 2243, Youngstown, Ohio 44504.

SHROUD SPECTRUM INTERNATIONAL
A new quarterly devoted exclusively to serious Shroud studies, will bring you authentic information on all aspects of sindonology: American research, translations from European authorities and ancient texts, covering a literature of 19 centuries. Subscription: $15, payable to: Indiana Center for Shroud Studies, R. 3, Box 557, Nashville IN 47448. Pilot issue of Dec. '81 will be sent with the spring issue. Subscribers who wish to receive pilot issue immediately, add $1.00 for postage & handling. Please print clearly name, address, zip.

PERSONALS

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS for the cultured single, widowed or divorced. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081 or call (215) 566-2132.

Chicago area woman, 30, wishes to meet witty, intelligent man who likes music. Other attributes and interests accepted almost unconditionally. c/o Box AC, *The American Spectator.*

INTENTIONAL Middle-aged Texan, Single Male 8½ (1-10), MBA, $100M+, racketball, travel, outdoors. Change needed. Suggestions? c/o Box ZZ, The American Spectator.

Changing your address?

Please attach the address label from the *most recent* issue of your *American Spectator* in the space provided. Print your new address and mail this form to *The American Spectator.* When writing to us about your subscription, always attach your address label or print your name and address exactly as they appear on your address label. Be sure to include the line of information above your name.

IMPORTANT
Allow six weeks for address change.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Circulation Department
P.O. Box 1969
Bloomington, IN 47402

(Please attach address label here.)

☐ Please renew my subscription for one year (twelve issues—$18)
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Please bill me

PLEASE PRINT
Name
Address
City
State Zip
Date of change

X2MX

PERSONALS

VINDICATE REAGANOMICS. Lit/Phil major, 21, neo-conservative, stands by student aid cuts, hoist with own petard, needs vigorous expression of capitalist volunteerism to remain at private liberal arts college. c/o Box AD, *The American Spectator.*

BUMPERSTICKERS & BUTTONS

TROUBLES BEGAN with women voting! Two patriotic bumper stickers against it, $5.00. Great gift. George, Box 643, Crystal Lake, IL 60014.

BUMPERSTICKERS: *Disco Is Trash* also, *This Space For Rent,* the unbumpersticker; or, *I'm Old But I Still Get Hot* (for old cars). Your choice (specify) $2. Box AE, c/o *The American Spectator.*

NECK TIE NARROWING Save your wide ties from fashion obsolescence! We'll narrow your ties to a stylish 3" width (or state width). Great birthday or Christmas gift. Send $12.50 for each set of 3 ties to Slim Ties Co., 44 Monterey Blvd., Dept. Z S.F., CA 94131

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

You can reach 120,000 informed and interested readers in the classified section of *The American Spectator.* Our rates are only 70 cents per word (12-word minimum). Include an additional $4 if you want a box number, and we will forward all inquiries to you once a week. *The American Spectator* reserves the right to reject any copy for any reason. Please specify classification: Help Wanted, Positions Wanted, Opportunities, Services, Books, Periodicals, Informational Pamphlets, Conferences, Bumperstickers & Buttons, Merchandise, Personals, Miscellaneous.

YES, I would like to place a classified ad in *The American Spectator.* Enclosed is full payment for ..... number of words.

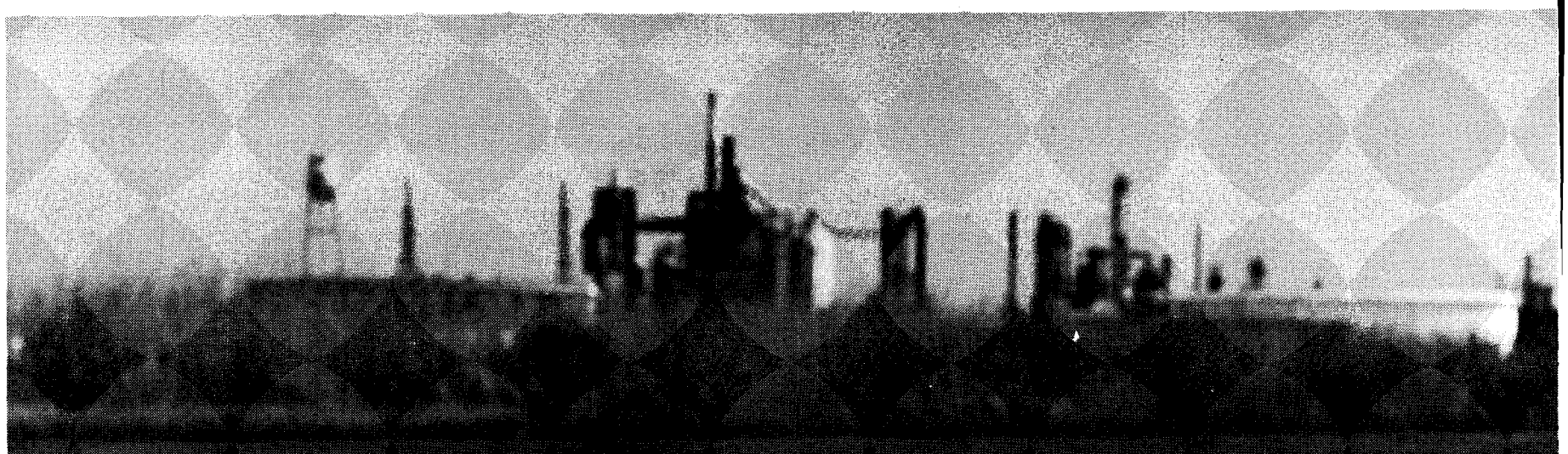
_____ (number of words)
x .70 (price per word)
= _____ Cost for one issue
x _____ (number of issues ad is to appear)
= _____ Total cost (payment must accompany order)

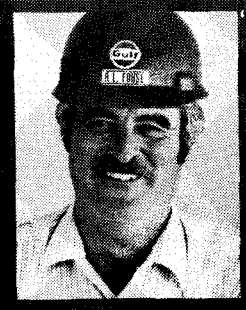
Ad classification: _____

PLEASE PRINT
Name
Address
City
State Zip

Please type or print your ad on a separate sheet of paper, attach and send to:
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Classified Department
P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





"It's life as usual in the big wildlife reserve nearby," says Orval Fouse, Supervisor, Utilities & Environmental Engineering at Gulf's Port Arthur, Texas, refinery. "The snow geese still spend a few months here each year during migration. The marshes around the refinery are still full of raccoons, otters, minks, muskrats, even some deer and bobcats.

"To me, that's very good news, because it means they're totally unaffected by the fact that, for the past 20 years, Port Arthur has been refining what's called 'sour crude.'

"We call it sour because it contains a lot of pollutants. We have to take some sour crude when we buy oil overseas. Of course you can't release those pollutants into the air. So Gulf spent millions of dollars modernizing Port Arthur to handle this type of crude. For 20 years now, we've been refining over 100,000 barrels of sour crude a day, and as you can see by the wildlife around here, the air quality is as good as ever."

Gulf is involved in many aspects of the energy business, but right now oil is the most important. So we're developing all the domestic oil reserves we can find, and doing what we can to make the best of what we can buy overseas. Clean air and energy for tomorrow: they're both important to us.

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

© Gulf Oil Corporation 1981

"Can oil and wildlife mix? They do at Gulf's Port Arthur refinery."

Snow Goose (C. Caerulescens), photographed at Gulf's Port Arthur refinery by Dr. John Tveten.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED